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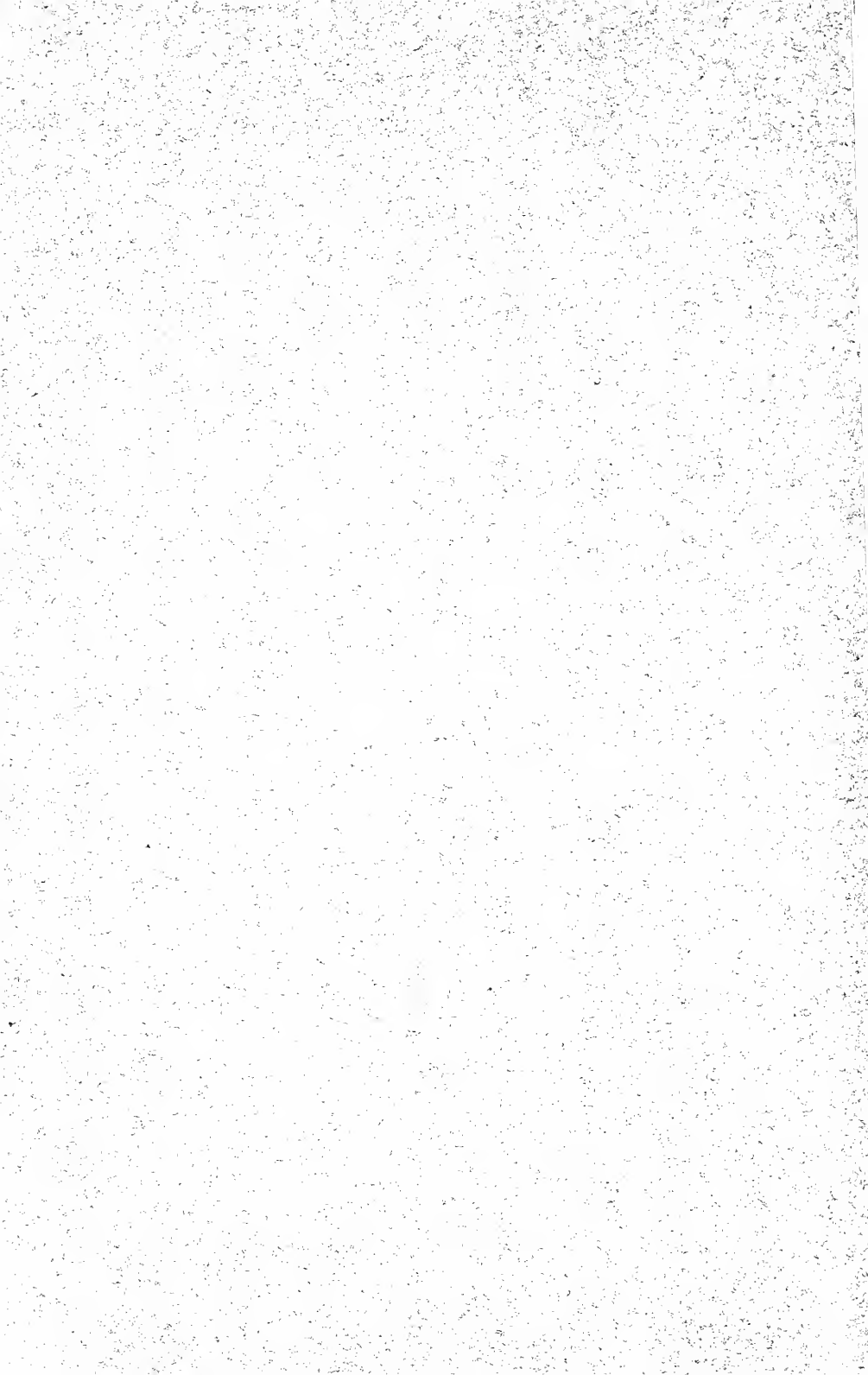
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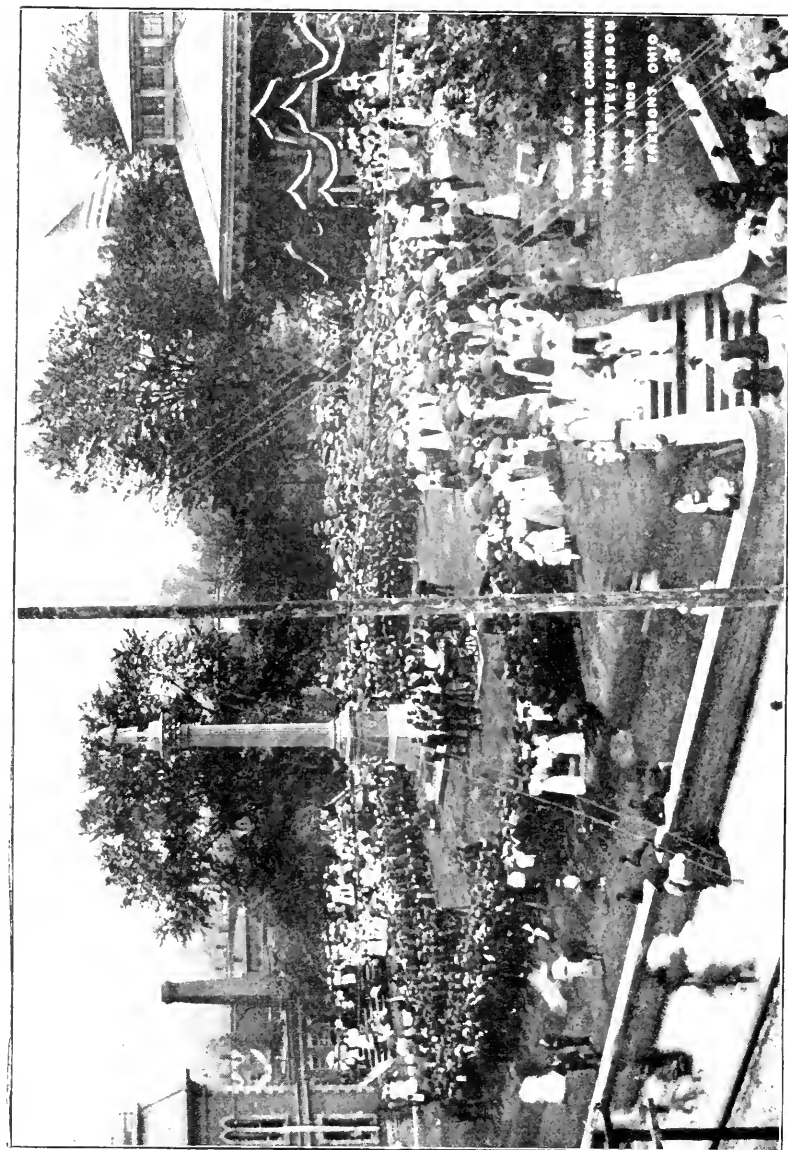
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BURIAL OF REMAINS OF COL. GEORGE CROGHAN.

OHIO ARCHAEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

VOL. XVI. JANUARY, 1907.

NO. 1.



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OHIO

Archaeological and Historical PUBLICATIONS.

THE CROGHAN CELEBRATION.

LUCY ELLIOT KEELER.

It was not bad usage of the old Romans to bring down from its niche the waxen image of an eminent ancestor on the anniversary of his natal day, to recall his features and achievements to their own minds and impress them upon the younger generation. A like tribute the patriotic citizens of Fremont, Ohio, pay from time to time to their local hero, Major George Croghan, on the anniversary of that notable second of August, 1813, when with his little band of soldiers he defeated a foe overwhelming in numbers under the British General Proctor and the Indian Chief Tecumseh. It was not only a feat of incomparable bravery, but it marked the turning of the tide in the War of 1812, which up to that time had been a series of disasters to the American arms.



COL. WEBB C. HAYES.

The first formal observance of the anniversary of Croghan's Victory occurred in 1839, at which time messages from Croghan himself were received. Since that date every decade has witnessed one or more celebrations, notable among which were those of 1852, when "Old Betsy" was brought back to the scene of

her great triumph; 1860, presaging the Civil War, when Cassius M. Clay was the orator of the day; and 1885, when the Monument on the fort was unveiled in the presence of the President of the United States and many other distinguished soldiers and civilians.

The celebration of August 21, 1906, was, however, more notable and imposing than any of its predecessors, since on that date the remains of Croghan were interred at the base of the monument erected to the memory of himself and the brave men of his command, on the very spot they had so gallantly defended ninety-three years before.

Following the defense of Fort Stephenson Croghan figured conspicuously in the closing events of the War of 1812. His subsequent career as Colonel Inspector General, United States Army, during the Mexican War and until his death, will be noted in the pages following. He died of cholera, in New Orleans, January 8, 1849, his spirit taking flight just as the last gun of the national salute commemorating the 34th anniversary of Jackson's victory, was fired.

For many years past it was the general supposition that the remains of this hero lay in one of the numerous cemeteries of New Orleans. Colonel Webb C. Hayes, imbued with patriotic sentiment and historic spirit, began several years ago the search for the grave of Croghan. Through Colonel Hayes' efforts the Quartermaster General at Washington took up the matter and made diligent investigation in New Orleans, but finally was compelled to abandon the search as fruitless. Colonel Hayes persevered and in February, 1906, received a letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Croghan Kennedy, grand daughter of George Croghan and wife of the late Captain Kennedy, U. S. N., which gave the information leading to the coveted discovery of the remains in the family burial plot in the beautiful old Croghan estate, Locust Grove, on the Ohio river, several miles from Louisville, Kentucky.

Col. Hayes, in company with R. C. Ballard-Thruston and S. Thruston-Ballard, of the Kentucky Historical Society, proceeded to the old estate, now owned by J. S. Waters, and located the burial plot about 300 yards from the mansion. Thickly over-

grown with beautiful myrtle were the moss-covered tombstones of Major William Croghan and wife, the parents of George Croghan, his brothers, Dr. John and N. Croghan, and one sister, Elizabeth. In one corner lay an overturned headstone on which appeared the inscription, Col. G. C., marking the long-sought resting place.

General George Rogers Clark, brother of Lucy Clark Croghan and uncle of George Croghan, died at the Croghan homestead and was buried in the Croghan family burying ground at Locust Grove, Ky. In 1869 the State of Kentucky authorized the removal of the remains to Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, Ky., where a beautiful and imposing monument was erected in his honor.

Arrangements were at once made for the disinterment by Messrs. Ballard and Thruston who, with their wives and Miss Mary Clark, of St. Louis, were present, all being related to Col. Croghan through his mother, of the great Clark family.

The mahogany casket, found at a depth of six feet, was badly decomposed, but the leaden casket within was intact, being six and one-half feet in length, 20 inches wide and eight inches deep. It was immediately boxed and taken to Louisville and thence directly to Fremont.

The remains arrived in Fremont Monday evening, June 11th, 1906, and were conveyed to the city hall on the fort. The room had been beautifully decorated by the George Croghan Chapter, D. A. R., with flowers and evergreen, and myrtle from the Kentucky grave. A detail from Company K stood at the head and foot of the casket as the remains lay in state. On the afternoon of the 13th, the flag-draped casket was lifted to the shoulders of six members of Company K, who were preceded by the company's trumpeter, and followed by the five local veterans of the Mexican War who had served in that campaign under Croghan. These veterans acted as honorary pall-bearers. The ladies of the D. A. R. and many citizens followed. The procession passed out in front of the Soldiers' Monument, where it was photographed, and then proceeded to Oakwood Cemetery, marching over the Harrison trail through Spiegel Grove. At Oakwood the remains were placed in the vault, a song was sung by the D. A. R., and the trumpeter sounded taps.

The surviving members of the Croghan family graciously acquiesced in Col. Hayes' action and gave all assistance in their power. The following letter, from a nephew of Colonel Croghan, Mr. R. C. Ballard-Thruston, tells the story of the discovery, together with other important facts regarding the distinguished family to which our hero belonged. We give the letter entire:

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 13, 1906.

COL. WEBB C. HAYES.

My Dear Colonel: As per my letter of a few days ago I now take pleasure in writing you of certain data regarding the Clark family, which you desired and, in addition thereto, the facts regarding the location of the grave of Col. George Croghan and the exhuming and forwarding of his remains to you.

Major William Croghan and wife Lucy, lived about five or six miles east or northeast of the court house of Louisville, Ky., and probably something over a mile from the Ohio river, at a place which was called Locust Grove, now owned by J. S. Waters. What was formerly the rear of the house is now the front. An illustration of the house with the present front is shown in Gov. English's work, vol. II, page 887. And it is north of this house about 300 yards that their family burying ground is located. A description of this and what we found there will follow later. Quite an account of them is given by Gov. English in his work, vol. II, page 1002 et seq., in which there are a few errors that should be corrected as follows: Page 1003, first line, "1767" should be "1765." Page 1004, line four, "seventy-first" should be "seventy-third." And on line 3, after the word "marriage" should be inserted the words "License issued July 13, 1789—no return made." In the next paragraph on that page is a list of the children of Major William Croghan and wife, which I notice does not include "Serina E," mentioned in the foot note on that page. I think she was Serena Livingston, wife of George Croghan, and therefore a daughter-in-law.

I have no list of the dates of the births of these Croghan children. Their names as given in Gov. English's work, page 1004, are correct. From an original letter which I have, written about the early part of last century, John, George and Nicholas were among the eldest of the children and I have a newspaper clipping giving the death of Nicholas Croghan in 1825.

The marriage records of this county show that a marriage license for George Hancock and Elizabeth Croghan, daughter of Major William Croghan, was issued September 29, 1819, and return made by the Rev. D. C. Banks on the same day. A marriage license for Gen. Thomas Jessup with Ann Croghan, daughter of Maj. William Croghan, was is-

sued May 15, 1832. Return made two days later by the Rev. Daniel Smith. My notes on this subject were made some years ago and I fail to find among them the marriage records of any other of these Croghan children.

As to the family burying ground at Locust Grove. It lies about three hundred yards north of the dwelling surrounded by a stone wall eighteen inches thick and from three to five feet high, the sides facing the cardinal points, and the entrance six feet wide in the center of the southern wall. It, however, has since been filled in with stone, making a north and south walls which are each 48 feet long on the outside, the east and west walls being 47 feet. There are quite a number of trees within the enclosure, the most prominent of which is a five-pronged elm. We also found two red elms, four hackberries, two cherries and two locusts. Almost the entire space is covered with myrtle and some underbrush. The walls are largely overgrown with Virginia creeper and poison ivy or oak. The graveyard seems to have been designed with four parallel rows of graves running from north to south, in each case the grave facing the east. The eastern one of these rows apparently was not used, as we saw neither headstone nor evidence of a grave on that row. On the next row, five feet from the north wall, we found a headstone marked "McS." I am at a loss to know whose grave this could be. Fourteen feet from the north wall on this line is the center of a one-foot space between two large marble slabs, each being three feet wide and six feet long with ornate edges. The northern one of these seems to have rested on four pedestals, one at each corner. They have since fallen and the slab is now resting on the ground and covers the remains of Mary Carson O'Hara, wife of William Croghan, Jr. The inscription on this slab is as follows:

Beneath this slab
are deposited the remains of
Mrs. Mary Carson Croghan
(late of Pittsburgh)
who departed this life
October 15th, A. D. 1827,
In the 24th year of her age.

Also
her infant daughter
Mary O'Hara,
who expired July 18, 1826,
in the ninth month of her age.

Slab B rests on four slabs, each of which is ornately carved. The inscription being:

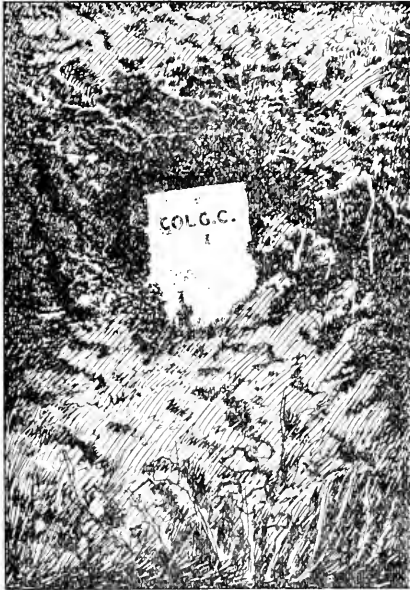
Eliza,
youngest daughter of
William and Lucy Croghan,
born April 9th, 1801,
married George Hancock Sept., 1819,
died July 12th, 1833.

The next headstone was twenty feet from the north wall and was marked "Mrs. L. C." The next headstone, twenty-three feet from the north wall, was marked "Maj. W. C." These were evidently the graves of Major and Mrs. William Croghan, the parents of Colonel George Croghan. On this same row south of Major Croghan's grave was quite a sunken space, which probably marks the spot from which the remains of Gen. George Rogers Clark were removed in 1869. On the next row of graves west of the last and fourteen feet from the north wall is a headstone marked "E. C." This is probably Edmund Croghan's grave. On this row, seventeen feet from the north wall, is a headstone marked "N. C.," or Nicholas Croghan, a brother of Col. George Croghan, who died in 1825. At ten feet from the south wall on this same row is a headstone marked "Dr. J. C.," Dr. John Croghan, who lived at Locust Grove after the death of his parents and at whose home my mother was a frequent visitor in her younger days. As there were no other headstones found between those of Dr. John Croghan and Nicholas Croghan, the probabilities are that other members of the family were buried within this enclosure whose headstones have since been lost, or whose graves were not properly marked.

Near the southwest corner in the most western one of these rows, we found but one headstone, four feet from the western wall and five feet from the southern wall. It was lying on its face entirely covered with myrtle and upon investigation bore the marks of "Col. G. C." marking the grave of Col. George Croghan, which you were searching for, and whose remains you desired to remove to Fremont, Ohio, having obtained permission of his daughter and other descendants.

When this grave was found, on Thursday, June 7, there were present yourself, my brother, S. Thruston Ballard, Mr. J. S. Waters and myself. After definitely locating and identifying the grave, my brother sent to his country place for two negro hands (John Bradford and Alex Howard) and after lunch we proceeded to open the grave. At nearly five feet below the surface we found fragments of a mahogany casket, now almost entirely decayed, and a leaden case which contained the remains. This latter was broken in several places, and as would naturally be expected, its top was resting upon the skeleton.

This leaden case containing the remains, the headstone above mentioned, a footstone marked "G. C." which we also found at the foot of the grave, and some myrtle which was growing over the grave, which you desired, were carefully taken to my brother's place, and the following morning brought into Louisville, where I had them properly boxed (the leaden case being covered with a United States flag) and the following day, June 9, expressed them to you at Fremont, Ohio, and I hope, before this, have reached you in proper shape.



GRAVE OF GEORGE CROGHAN AT
LOCUST GROVE, KY.

In addition to those present at the finding of the grave of Colonel George Croghan, above mentioned, there were present at the exhuming of his remains, my sister-in-law, Mrs. S. Thurston Ballard, Miss Mary Clark, of St. Louis, Mrs. J. S. Waters, four of the Waters' children, my little nephew Rogers Clark Ballard, and one or two servants of Mr. Waters.

My brother carried a kodak with him and made several attempts to get kodaks of the old Croghan residence and family burying ground, copies of which will be sent you as soon as they are printed.

With sincerest regards, I
am yours very truly,

R. C. BALLARD THRUSTON,

Member of the Filson Club, Virginia Historical Society.

George Croghan himself left three children; a son, Col. St. George Croghan, a brave soldier on the Confederate side, killed in Virginia, in one of the early battles of the Civil War; Mrs. Mary Croghan Wyatt, who died in California in February, 1906; and the youngest and only surviving child, Mrs. Serena Livingston Rodgers, wife of Augustus F. Rodgers, U. S. N. Mrs. Rodgers lives in San Francisco, and is now 86 years of age.

Col. St. George Croghan left two children, both living, a son, George, and a daughter, Elizabeth Croghan, now the widow of Capt. Duncan Kennedy, U. S. N., who has one son.

Mrs. Rodgers has a daughter, and Mrs. Wyatt a son, Judge Wyatt, of New York. All living descendants of Croghan were invited to be present at the re-interment of the remains of their famous father, grandfather and great-grandfather.

On the occasion of the unveiling of a tablet to Croghan, on Fort Stephenson Park, by the D. A. R., Mrs. Wyatt, to whom an invitation to be present had been sent, wrote, under date of July 14, 1903:

"My Dear Miss Keeler: It was indeed most gratifying to receive your invitation to be with you when the Croghan tablet will be unveiled. It would indeed be a delight to me to be present when such honor was paid to my dear father, but with sorrow I must decline. My journeyings in this world are pretty much over. I have lately injured my knee and walk with difficulty. * * *

Sincerely,

"MARY CROGHAN WYATT."

CROGHAN'S ANCESTRY AND LIFE.

The name Croghan is an illustrious one in the early annals of our country, especially in the Western annals preceding the establishment of the Republic.

On the paternal side George Croghan came of fighting blood. He belonged to the race of "the Kellys, the Burkes and the Sheas," who always "smell the battle afar off." The first Croghan we hear of in this country was Major George Croghan, who was born in Ireland and educated at Dublin University. Just when he came to America we do not know. He established himself near Harrisburg, and was an Indian trader there as early as 1746. He learned the language of the aborigines and won their confidence. He served as a captain in Braddock's expedition in 1755, and in the defense of the western frontier in the following year. The famous Sir William Johnson, of New York, who was so efficient in dealing with the natives and whom George II had commissioned "Colonel, agent and sole superintendent of the affairs of the Six Nations and other northern Indians," came to recognize Croghan's worth, and made him deputy Indian agent for the Pennsylvania and Ohio Indians. In 1763 Sir William

sent him to England to confer with the ministry in regard to some Indian boundary line. He traveled widely through the Indian country which is now the Central West. While on a mission in 1765 to pacify the Illinois Indians he was attacked, wounded and taken to Vincennes. But he was soon released and



MAJOR GEORGE CROGHAN.

accomplished his mission. He was deeply impressed with the great possibilities of this western country and urged upon Sir William Johnson the importance of securing this region to the English colonies. It is a singular coincidence that this first Major George Croghan was pitted against Pontiac in much the

same way that Major George Croghan the second was pitted against Tecumseh. In May, 1766, he fixed his abode near Fort Pitt, using his good offices and influence in pacifying the Indians and conciliating them to British interests. He died about 1782. It is altogether probable that his reports regarding the northwestern country had something to do with impressing George Rogers Clark with its importance.

The similarity of name and title makes this reference to the first George Croghan pertinent, although his kinship with the second George Croghan was but collateral. The father of our hero of Ft. Stephenson was William Croghan, born in Ireland in 1752. Just when he came to this country it has been impossible to ascertain. At any rate the young man was well established here at the time of the Declaration of Independence. He promptly volunteered his services, becoming a captain of a Virginia company. He served to the end of the war, being mustered out the senior Major of the Virginia line. He took part in the battles of Brandywine, Monmouth and Germantown; and he was with the army that bitter winter at Valley Forge. In 1780 his regiment was ordered South and he was made prisoner at the surrender of Charleston. He was present at Yorktown, when the last great battle of the war was fought, though he could not share in the fighting, as he was on parole. He served for a time on the staff of Baron Steuben, and he was one of the officers present at the Verplanck mansion on the Hudson in May, 1783, when the Society of Cincinnati was instituted. Shortly after the war Croghan joined the increasing drift of Virginians over the mountains into the new land of Kentucky and found a home near the Falls of the Ohio.

There, presumably, he won and wed his wife. She, too, came of valorous stock. Her name was Lucy Clark, daughter of John Clark, recently come to Kentucky from Virginia. She had five brothers, four of whom served in the Revolutionary War. The most distinguished of these was George Rogers Clark, to whose great and heroic campaign through the wilderness to Vincennes we owe the winning of the Northwest Territory. It was to this George Rogers Clark, uncle of Croghan, that Harrison referred in his official report of the

battle when he said with evident gratification: "It will not be among the least of General Proctor's mortifications to know that he has been baffled by a youth who has just passed his twenty-first year. He is, however, a hero worthy of his gallant uncle, Gen. G. R. Clark, and I bless my good fortune in having first introduced this promising shoot of a distinguished family to the notice of the government." Another brother, William, who was too young to participate in the Revolution, was the Clark who, with Captain Lewis, made the famous expedition of exploration across the continent. He was appointed in 1813 by President Madison Governor of Missouri Territory.

To William Croghan and his wife, Lucy, at Locust Grove, Ky., November 15, 1791, was born the boy that was destined to make the family name illustrious. He was christened George, in honor of the mother's brother, whose great and daring achievement had given his name vast renown. We know practically nothing of George Croghan's boyhood. Doubtless it was like that of the ordinary Virginia boy of the period, who was the son of a well-to-do planter, modified by the exigencies of frontier life.

Our boy had books to read, and lessons to learn; and there were always his father's and his uncles' tales of the recent Revolutionary War and of the untamed country through which they had traveled; as well as of the Dublin kindred and society.

George was ready for college at an early age, and went to William and Mary, in Virginia, next to Harvard the oldest college in the land. From it graduated four presidents of the United States, Jefferson, Monroe, Tyler and Harrison, beside Chief Justice Marshall and Gen. Winfield Scott. After Croghan's graduation he took up the study of law. War was in the air, however, as well as in his blood, and in 1811 the youth enlisted as a private in the volunteer army under Harrison. His handsome face, alight with intelligence, won him speedy notice from the officers, a good impression which was strengthened by his conduct and ability. "He was soon appointed aide-de-camp to Gen. Boyd, second in command. At the battle of Tippecanoe, shortly after, his zeal and courage induced Gen. Harrison to recommend

the lad's appointment to the regular army, and he was made captain of the 17th U. S. Infantry.

In August, 1812, his command accompanied the detachment under Gen. Winchester, which marched from Kentucky to the relief of Gen. Hull at Detroit. Hull's disgraceful surrender made a change of plan necessary, and Winchester's men marched through the wilderness to assist Gen. Harrison at Fort Wayne, and then down the Maumee to Fort Defiance, in September, 1812. Here, in spite of his extreme youth, Croghan was left in command by Harrison. So successful was he in this trying ordeal that Winchester left him in command of Fort Defiance, while he himself marched on to the River Raisin. All know the frightful massacre which followed, Croghan owing his escape to his duty at Defiance.

Capt. Croghan then joined Gen. Harrison at the newly constructed Fort Meigs on the Maumee, taking gallant part in its defense during the seige. Here the famous pair, Proctor and Tecumseh, the one with a thousand British regulars and the other with twice that number of Indians, were the besieging leaders. The siege continued during thirteen days of that May, and included one direful incident. Col. Dudley, with his Kentucky troops, came to the relief of the fort, but owing to an ambuscade arranged by Tecumseh, Dudley's forces were surrounded and 650 of the 800 soldiers were killed, wounded or taken prisoners.

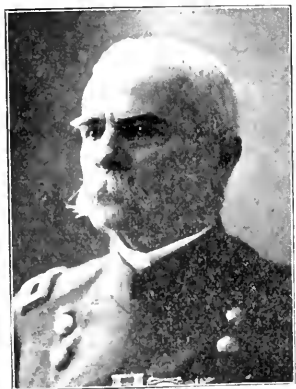
In a sortie made to save these unfortunate troops, Capt. Croghan so distinguished himself by the vigor and bravery of his assault on a battery, that Gen. Harrison recommended him for further promotion. He was soon afterward commissioned major in the 17th U. S. Infantry. In July of that year he and his command appeared at Fort Stephenson, the wretched little stockade in Lower Sandusky. When they left this place three weeks later, they were the heroes of the whole country.

The story of the battle of Fort Stephenson, the hurried preparation therefor, and its results in the War of 1812 are given on a later page in the words of a contemporary. For this notable victory Croghan was brevetted lieutenant colonel by the president of the United States; Congress awarded him a medal, and the

ladies of Chillicothe, then the capital of Ohio, presented him with a beautiful sword. The famous repulse of August 2, 1813, marks the turning point in the war that ended in sweeping the haughty British navy from our Lakes, and hurling their army from our borders.

Croghan remained in the army after the close of the war till March, 1817, when he resigned. In May, 1816, he married Serena Livingston, daughter of John R. Livingston, of New York, and niece of Chancellor Robert Livingston, famous as jurist and diplomat, who administered the oath of office to Washington when he first became president of the United States, and

who as minister to France negotiated with Bonaparte the Louisiana purchase. She was also a niece of the widow of Gen. Montgomery, of Quebec fame.



GEN. J. C. CHANCE.

After resigning from the army Croghan took up his residence in New Orleans and was postmaster of that city in 1824. The following year he returned to the army as inspector general with rank of colonel and served as such with Gen. Taylor during the Mexican War, 1846-47.

With such an ancestry and such an early environment it is slight wonder that the flame of patriotism burned intensely in the veins of Croghan.

There was much of the Irish in our hero, as his impulsive speeches, which sometimes got him into trouble, easily testify; and like well-born Irish everywhere, he was proud of his good blood, proud of his forebears, and determined not to bring discredit on their name. It is the best heritage any man can have, and Croghan, for one, knew it.

Just before the attack on Fort Stephenson Croghan wrote a friend:

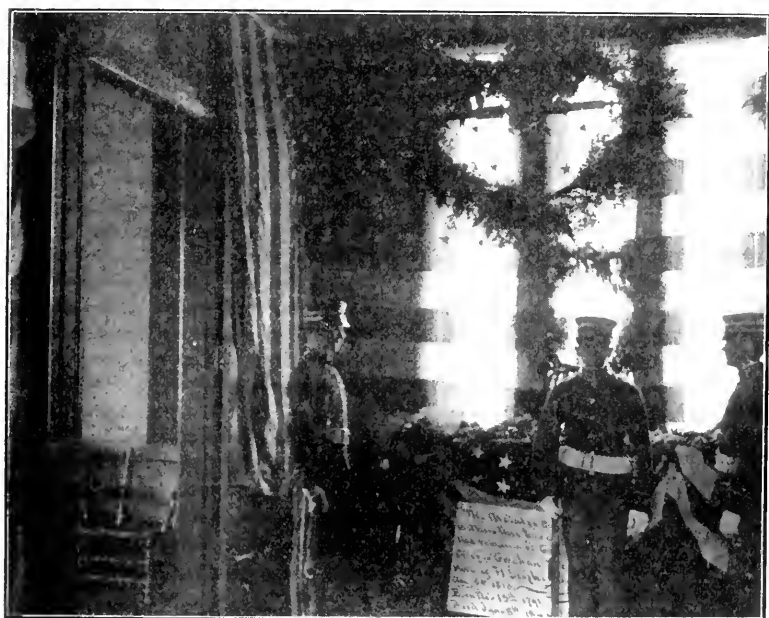
"The enemy are not far distant. I expect an attack. I will defend this post to the last extremity. I have just sent away the

women and children, with the sick of the garrison, that I may be able to act without incumbrance. Be satisfied. I shall, I hope, do my duty. The example set me by my Revolutionary kindred is before me. Let me die rather than prove unworthy of their name."

THE CELEBRATION.

Thursday, August 2, 1900, dawned auspiciously on the historic city of Fremont. The Toledo battery which had arrived the night before and was stationed in Fort Stephenson aroused the people at sunrise with a salute of twenty-one guns, announcing that the events of the day had begun. Thousands of visitors from far and near, including many prominent officials of state and nation, made pilgrimage to the historic shrine of Fort Stephenson. The city was appropriately decorated and every hospitality and courtesy possible was extended by the citizens to their guests. At eight o'clock the casket of Major Croghan, which had been temporarily placed in the vault at Oakwood, was taken therefrom and borne to the city, with military honors of music and soldiery escort. The line of march was over the old Harrison trail, through Spiegel Grove, down Buckland and Birchard avenues to Park avenue and then to the high school building where, in the hallway, the casket, draped with flags, was placed. Guarded by a detachment of state troops the remains lay in state until the big parade of the day passed the school house, when the casket, borne on the shoulders of six stalwart members of the National Guard, was tenderly escorted to Fort Stephenson Park. The civic and military parade, which was the feature of the forenoon, was an imposing spectacle. It was headed by the city police force and fire department, followed by a provisional Brigade of the Ohio National Guard commanded by Brigadier General W. V. McMaken, O. N. G. the local and visiting posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, Spanish War Veterans, Masons, Woodmen of the World and secret orders, German musical societies, commercial organizations and school children waving the American emblem and singing patriotic songs. An interesting link in the procession brought the present event in close touch with the historic past, for in a spacious carryall were Fremont's five Mexican War veterans, Captain Andrew Kline, his brother

Louis Kline, Grant Forgerson, Martin Zeigler and Jacob Faller. They had all personally known Croghan. The parade passed in review before the handsomely decorated stand at Croghan street and Park avenue, on which stood Vice President Fairbanks, Governor Harris, Mayor Tunnington, General Chance, Congressman Mouser, Hon. J. F. Laning and Hon. A. H. Jackson; behind them the governor's staff, Col. Kautzman, Col. Weybrecht, Major Hall, Captain Williams, Capt. Knox, Capt. Garner, Capt. Wood and



MEMBERS OF COMPANY K GUARDING CASKET.

Lieut. Moulton. Vice President Fairbanks stood up in his automobile almost the entire length of Front street, and with his hat in hand acknowledged the cheers and applause of the crowds, while Governor Harris kept bowing to people on both sides of the street in response to the cheers with which he was greeted. At the high school the procession halted and the Croghan remains were escorted from their resting place at the base of the monument by the George Croghan Chapter of the D. A. R., the mem-

bers of which had charge of the final interment. The children scattered flowers in the grave, a salute was fired, taps were sounded, and the honored dust of the gallant George Croghan was consigned to its final resting place on the spot and in the sacred soil he had so bravely and loyally defended ninety-three years before. The grave was covered with a large block of Quincy granite bearing this inscription:

George Croghan
Major 17th U. S. Infantry,
Defender of Fort Stephenson,
August 1st and 2d, 1813.
Born Locust Grove, Ky., Nov. 15, 1781.
Died New Orleans, La., Jan. 8, 1849,
Colonel Inspector General
United States Army.
Remains removed from
Croghan Family Burying Ground,
Locust Grove, Ky.,
August 2, 1906.



MAJOR C. C. TUN-
NINGTON.

The oratorical exercises were held in the afternoon in the open air within the precincts of the fort. Vast crowds gathered and listened intently to addresses. General Jesse C. Chance, of Fremont, was president of the day and introduced the speakers, after the assembly had been called to order by Mayor C. C. Tunnington. The speeches were interspersed with patriotic songs by the school children and martial strains by the Light Guard Band.

THE INVOCATION.

REV. W. E. TRESSEL, CHAPLAIN.

God of our fathers, we praise and worship Thee! Assembled on historic ground, which has been consecrated by heroes' blood, we not only hold in glad and grateful remembrance the noble deeds of valiant men,

but we proclaim Thy great glory, O Lord of hosts; for Thou art the God of battles, and right and truth triumph by Thy blessing. And whilst we thank Thee for the brave men of that older day who fought so nobly in freedom's holy cause, we give Thee laud and honor for the patience, the skill, the industry, through which were won those notable victories of peace, no less renowned than those of war, that made the wilderness to blossom as the rose and laid the foundations for the splendid material prosperity which to-day is our portion. For health, and peace, and plenty, for home, good government, for our great educational system, we give Thee thanks, O God. And richer gifts than these have flowed to us from Thy bounteous hand. Thou hast revealed to us Thy dear son, Jesus Christ, and hast made Him to be our Savior from the bondage of sin and from eternal death: and in Thy precious word Thou hast conveyed to us Thy saving grace and power. Eternal praise be to Thee for these, Thy choicest gifts!

We pray Thee to continue to us Thy favor. To this end bless with repentance and faith: help us to renounce all sin and error, to love and to follow truth and righteousness, that we may hold fast what Thou hast in mercy given. Instil more and more into our hearts love of country. Do Thou use the exercises of this day to impress on our mind the responsibilities of citizenship. Awaken and quicken within us civic spirit. And thus let this memorable day on which we stand before Thy holy throne, result in countless blessings, for time and eternity, to us and to our children.

“Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

“Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

“Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
For aye wilt be the same.

“A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Swift as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

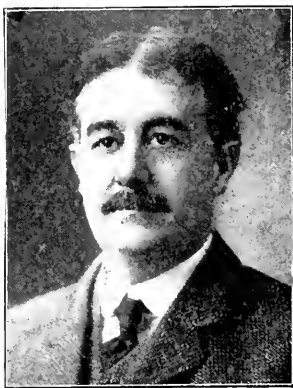
"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!"

Thou, who hearest prayer, for Jesus' sake give ear to these our prayers and praises, which we sum up in the words of our Lord:

Our Father, Who art in heaven; Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen!

ADDRESS OF HON. SAMUEL D. DODGE.

When your fellow citizen, Col. Webb C. Hayes, asked me to address you upon this occasion, and I accepted the invitation, I did so with the full appreciation that I should be able to add nothing to the historical information which you citizens of Sandusky County possessed, I should be able to say no word which could in any way increase your admiration for the distinguished youth, who, almost a century ago, stood near this spot, and with one gun and a few brave soldiers routed the British forces and their Indian allies.



SAMUEL D. DODGE.

You citizens of Sandusky County have studied your histories well; you have shown full appreciation for the courage displayed on that occasion and you have honored many times the memory and deeds of the distinguished Soldier. Students of American history have related to you the causes that led up to the War of 1812; eminent writers have described to you the campaign preceding the attack on Fort Stephenson; and distinguished orators, with brilliant phrases, have pictured to you the handsome youth standing upon the ramparts of Fort Stephenson, and amid the yells of savages and the fierce attacks of the veterans of Wellington urging his little band to deeds of hero-

ism. The life and deeds of George Croghan are familiar tales in every household of this historic neighborhood. Your fellow townsman, Miss Julia M. Haynes, in her admirable paper, "Fremont in History," read to you a few years ago, has given us a clear, concise and eloquent statement of the events which have made your city famous. Dr. Charles R. Williams, in his public address delivered at Spiegel Grove, a few years since, has added to the historical literature of Fremont a brilliant and polished essay, and other distinguished men and women have placed before you the geography, history, and traditions of your town in pamphlet and speech. You have listened to the thrilling eloquence of General Gibson and the polished sentences of Governor Jacob D. Cox, and at that memorable meeting when you dedicated this handsome monument, a meeting presided over by your distinguished citizen, Rutherford B. Hayes, you listened to the voices of Sherman, Foraker, Henry B. Payne and others. That I could add anything to what has been said and written concerning these historical events, I have not for a moment dared to hope, but perhaps a personal allusion, if I may be allowed, will partially explain my presumption and willingness to accept this invitation.

On July 9th, 1813, there was born in my grandfather's house in Cleveland, a son, and for several weeks no agreement could be reached as to the name he was to bear. Less than a month after the child's birth, from every hill top to every valley, from settlement to settlement of pioneers along shores of Lake Erie came the news that Major George Croghan, a young man, had put to rout the English and Indians and saved Fort Stephenson, and my grandfather's family had found a name for their son, and to-day there is a grave in Lake View cemetery in Cleveland and at its head a simple granite monument with the inscription George Croghan Dodge, born July 9th, 1813, died June 6th, 1883; and so I regard it as a privilege to pay a simple tribute to-day to a man whose name my father bore, the story of whose achievement told me in my boyhood was a narrative to which no tale of giants or fairies could compare.

Fifty years before the defense of Ft. Stephenson or "Sandusky," as the name was engraved on the gold medal presented by congress to the peerless Croghan, this historic neighborhood had been the scene of the capture and utter destruction at the outbreak of Pontiac's gigantic conspiracy of old Fort Sandusky, built in 1745 on the left or west side of Sandusky bay and river on the Marblehead peninsula.

"The storm burst early in May of 1763. * * * Nine British forts yielded instantly and the savages drank, scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, the blood of many a Briton. * * * Sandusky was the first of the forts to fall, May 16th. Ensign Paully * * * was seized, carried to Detroit, adopted, and married to a squaw, who had lost her husband, the remainder of the garrison were massacred and the fort burned."

Fort Sandusky, the first fort established in Ohio, was built in 1745 by British traders from Pennsylvania and Virginia under the instruction, it is said, of George Croghan, later deputy Indian Commissioner to Sir. Wm. Johnston. It was located on the Marblehead peninsula on the left or west side of the Sandusky river and bay at the portage where Indians and trappers coming from Detroit, in their course skirting the chain of islands in Lake Erie, would land to carry their canoes across to the Sandusky river on their way to the Scioto and Ohio. The French, resenting this intrusion, "usurped F. Sandoski" and in 1754 built another fort, "Junundat," on the east or right side of the Sandusky river and bay. The maps of John Mitchell and Lewis Evans, both published in 1755, clearly show the location of these two forts.

Mitchell's map shows the fort on the west side of the river and bay with the notation "Sandoski usurped by the French, 1751," while Evans' map has "F Sandoski" on the west side and also "F Junundat built in 1754" on the east side of the river and bay and diagonally across from "Sandoski."

"Sandusky was afterward evacuated and on the 8th of September, 1760, the French governor, Vandreuil surrendered Canada to the English" and then ended French dominion in America. "Major Robert Rogers, a native of New Hampshire, was directed to take possession of the western forts. He left Montreal on the 13th of September, 1760, with two hundred rangers. * * * Proceeding west, he visited Sandusky * * * after securing the fort at Detroit returned by land via Sandusky and Tuscarawas trail to Fort Pitt."

Soon after Major Rogers took possession of the western forts for the British, Ensign Pauly was placed in command of Fort Sandusky and so remained until his capture, and the massacre of his garrison and the utter destruction of the fort on May 16, 1763, at the outbreak of Pontiac's conspiracy. As soon as the news of the capture of the nine British forts reached the British authorities, Detroit and Fort Pitt alone escaping capture, expeditions were sent to relieve the latter and to re-establish British supremacy in the northwest. Captain Dalyell arrived at the ruins of old Fort Sandusky in the fall of 1763 and then proceeded up the Sandusky river to the village of the Hurons and Wyandots at the lower rapids of the Sandusky river (now Fremont) and utterly destroyed the Indian villages located there.

In 1764, twelve years before the declaration of Independence, Col. John Bradstreet started from Albany to relieve Major Gladwyn at Detroit. Pontiac, the crafty, powerful and ambitious chief of the Ottawa Indians, the year before, had sent his red-stained tomahawk and his war belts to the various Indian tribes between the Allegheny mountains and the Mississippi river, stirring the hearts of the red men against the pioneers, and was preparing to continue his attacks upon the various western forts, and in his hatred toward the whites was determined

to accomplish by force what he could not accomplish by treachery. He had returned from Detroit in November, 1763, and it was evident that he was preparing for a more complete siege of that important military post. It was then that General Thomas Gage wrote the Colonies and asked for troops to suppress the growing insurrection of the Indian nations; and Colonel Bradstreet set forth from Albany with his army of 1180 men, 766 being provincial troops from New York, New Jersey and Connecticut under Israel Putnam. Along they came to Lake Ontario and with two vessels, 75 whale boats, and numberless canoes, issued forth and steered westward. Remaining a while at Fort Niagara, passing on and founding Fort Erie, they pushed on to Detroit after making short encampments on the banks of the Cuyahoga river, on the present site of Cleveland, and at the ruins of old Fort Sandusky. All along the journey Indians had been sent to treat for peace, but knowing from experience the treacherous character of the Indians, Bradstreet was warned against putting trust in the overtures of the savages. Yet notwithstanding the protests of his followers, Bradstreet promised to refrain from marching against the Delawares, Shawanese and other tribes, if within twenty-five days the representatives of the tribes would meet him at Fort Sandusky for the purpose of giving up prisoners and concluding a definite treaty. Bradstreet had, however, been ordered to give to the Wyandots, Ottawas and Mianis a thorough chastisement, but on the approach of the English commander these three tribes sent deputies to meet him and promised to follow him to Detroit and make a treaty there, if he would abandon the hostile plan against them. It was with this expectation that he reached Detroit, only to learn that the Indians whom he had expected to meet on his return to Fort Sandusky for the purpose of making a treaty, had assembled there to oppose the disembarkment of the English soldiers. So Bradstreet started with sixty long boats and one barge and glided down the Detroit river out upon the bosom of Lake Erie. All expected to engage in a fierce combat with the savage foe, but Bradstreet soon received better news. With this expedition of Bradstreet was one Lieutenant Montresor, who kept a journal, and this journal has been preserved among the collections of the New York Historical Society. From the journal we learn that "news soon arrived that the Delawares and Shawanese are assembled at Sandusky where the old fort stood in order to treat with us for peace." With this information Bradstreet's "troops entered Sandusky lake or bay" September 18, 1764, and "encamped on a good clay bank half a mile west of the spot where sixteen months before Pontiac had butchered the English garrison and burned the fort." Indians soon appeared and pledged if he would not attack the Indian village they would conclude a definite treaty and surrender all prisoners they had. Bradstreet did not attack them. After waiting seven days "Col. Bradstreet then proceeded up Sandusky river to the village of the Hurons and Wyandots, which had been destroyed by Cap-

tain Dalyell the preceding year." Montresor in his journal says "Bradstreet's whole force proceeded and encamped one mile below the rapids of the Sandusky River, and here at this camp near the Huron village on Sandusky river, Major Israel Putnam served as Field Officer for the picket and presided at a General Court Martial at his own tent to try all prisoners brought before him."* So to this very spot, now Fort Stephenson Park, Fremont, Ohio, fresh with the laurels won while in command of Provincial troops in the siege of Havana, Cuba, with this expedition came Israel Putnam, who afterwards became Senior Major General in the army of the United States of America, one of the heroes of Bunker Hill, an indomitable soldier, a man of generous soul and sterling patriotism, and of whom his biographer, Col. David Humphreys, says, "He seems to have been formed on purpose for the age in which he lived. His native courage, unshaken integrity, and established reputation as a soldier gave unbounded confidence to our troops in their first conflict in the field of battle."

The colonial records of Connecticut for March, 1764, says this assembly doth appoint Israel Putnam, Esq., to be major of the forces now ordered raised in this colony for his Majesty's service against the Indian Nations who have been guilty of perfidious and cruel massacres of the English.

Thus to the long list of patriots and statesmen and pioneers, who in the early days wandered through the densely wooded trails, over these plains which smiled to the sun in grass and flowers, and along the banks of this historic river; to the names of Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, William Henry Harrison, George Croghan and a host of others we can add the immortal name of Israel Putnam.

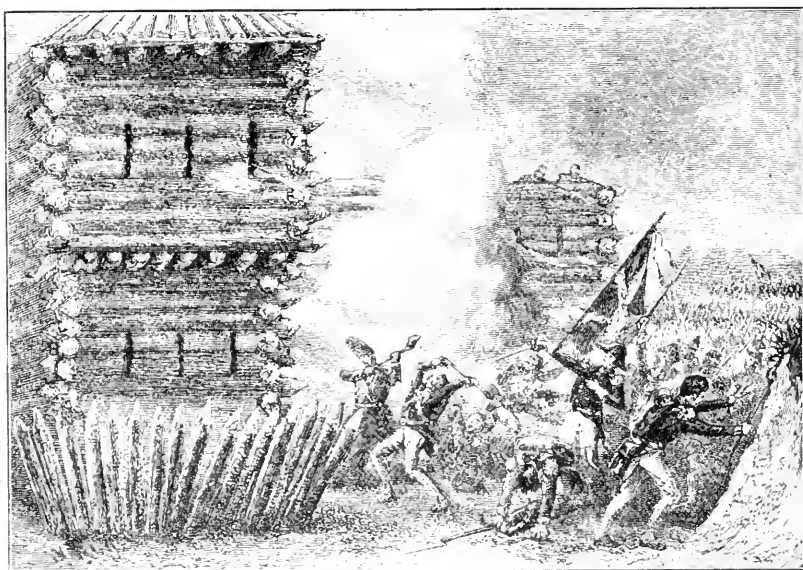
The fifty odd years between the campaign of Bradstreet and the War of 1812, the years preceding and following the Revolutionary War are filled with the stirring events of pioneer history. Northern Ohio was the scene of border wars and Indian outrages. The massacre of the Moravians, Crawford's Expedition, the destruction of St. Clair's army, and the victory of General Wayne at Fallen Timbers are a few of the many important events that go to make up the history of the region around the Maumee and Sandusky rivers. The disasters to the American arms incident to the opening of the campaign of the War of 1812 in the north-west—the disgraceful surrender of Hull at Detroit, the massacre of Winchester's men at the River Raisin, and Dudley's massacre, so-called, in the otherwise successful defence of Fort Meigs culminated, however, on August 2, 1813, in the unparalleled discomfiture of the British and Indians by a young Kentucky major. This defense, so brilliant and complete, followed by Perry's Victory on Lake Erie and General Harrison's triumph at the battle of the Thames practically closed the campaign.

* Livingstone's Life of Israel Putnam, p. 139.

The war of 1812 only supplemented the Revolutionary War. We had become at once independent and feeble. Articles of confederation bound us loosely together, and we had not yet fully won our place among the nations of the earth. Other nations looked upon us as an easy prey—they could seize our ships and imprison our seamen, but these results were only incidents which gave rise to the conflict for which the time was ripe and for which there was and could be no postponement. This war must be had. We must consolidate and finish the work of independence. It must be a reality and not a name, England must acknowledge us as a distinct member of the family of nations, and this is what we accomplished by the contest of 1812 and 1813. When that war broke out the Indians were banded together in this Northwestern quarter of the state under the leadership of Tecumseh, to whom the English had given the rank of a general in their army. There was no city of Fremont. The spot called Lower Sandusky was a military reservation two miles square, established by treaty in 1785. Here was built Fort Stephenson—one of the many outposts in the midst of this hostile country. Built to protect the communications of the army with the more distant posts at Chicago and Detroit; built perhaps that a crossing at this point of this then important river might be made in safety. Up this Sandusky river from the lake came all who wished to reach the Ohio river on their way from Canada to Mississippi for, with a short portage, they could enter the Scioto and then on down to the great rivers beyond. It was an important place then for a growing settlement, a vigorous colony might be started here and Major Croghan appreciated its importance even if Harrison did not. The English had made allies of the Indians. Tecumseh was made a general. British emissaries were busy among the Northwest tribes stirring them up to war upon the Americans. General Proctor, with his savage allies had failed to capture Fort Meigs, and Proctor had withdrawn to his old encampment and there he remained until on July 28th, 1813, the British embarked with their stores and started for Sandusky bay and river for the purpose of attacking Fort Stephenson. Again and again have you heard the story of this fight. How General Harrison had sent word to Major Croghan that if the British approached with force and cannon and he could discover them in time to retreat, that he must do so. How Harrison in council with his other Generals had decided that the fort was untenable and ordered him to abandon it. How the messenger lost his way, and when he did arrive Croghan sent back word to Harrison the memorable message, "We have determined to maintain this place, and by heavens we can." The natural anger of General Harrison at this seeming disobedience to his order and the summoning of Croghan to come to Fort Seneca and the placing of another in command until the gallant boy had explained and appeased the wrath of his superior and was sent back to his post, are familiar facts of history. On the afternoon of August 1st,

1813, we find the young hero back in command and with 160 men and "Old Betsy," sending back to Proctor with his 700 veterans, 2,000 Indians and Barclay's gunboats in the river, a defiant refusal to his summons to surrender.

General Harrison, in his report to the Secretary of War, thus describes the battle. "Their troops were formed into two columns, one led by Lieut.-Colonel Short, headed the principal one. He conducted his men to the brink of the ditch under a galling fire from the garrison, and by Lieut.-Colonel Shortt headed the principal one. He conducted his men and the light infantry. At this moment a masked porthole was sud-



ATTACK ON FORT STEPHENSON.

denly opened and the six-pounder, with a half-load of powder and a double charge of leaden slugs, at a distance of thirty feet, poured destruction upon them, and killed or wounded every man who entered the ditch. In vain did the British officers try to lead on the balance of the column. It retired under a shower of shot, and sought safety in the adjoining woods."

And who was this young man who defended this place against a force of British and Indians and drove them discomfited from the field of battle. We seem to see him now as he stood there a model of manly beauty in his youthful prime, "a man in all that makes a man ere man-

hood's years have been fulfilled": standing on the threshold of his career. This young, accomplished, handsome youth was born at Locust Grove, Ky., November 15, 1791. His mother was Lucy Clark. Of uncles he had upon his mother's side, George Rogers Clark, whose great campaign through the wilderness won for us the Northwest Territory was one; and William Clark, who with Captain Lewis made the famous Lewis and Clark expedition of exploration across the continent, was another. His father, William Croghan, was born in Ireland in 1752, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and fought at Brandywine, Monmouth and Germantown, and when young George had finished his preliminary schooling he entered at the age of 17 the College of William and Mary and graduated two years later with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. His purpose was to become a lawyer, but when the governor of Indiana, William Henry Harrison, called for volunteers to strike at Tecumseh and his stirring red men, Croghan joined the little army as a private and began his life as a soldier at the battle of Tippecanoe.

From that day until General Harrison sent him to this place, the spirit of the soldier in him had met every test of skill and bravery, and he took command of Fort Stephenson with the confidence of his superiors and with the love and admiration of his soldiers. In a report of this battle by an English historian occurs this sentence: "The first division were so near the enemy that they could distinctly hear the various orders given in the fort and the faint voices of the wounded and dying in the ditch, calling out for water, which the enemy had the humanity to lower to them on the instant."

Over in that beautiful cemetery at Clyde, on its sunkissed slopes, bright with the foliage of this August day, rests one who, fifty years after the defense of Fort Stephenson, honored this country, his state and his country by his conduct upon the field of battle—General James B. McPherson, as good a soldier, as chivalrous a leader, as gallant a gentleman, as pure a man as ever fell upon the field of battle. General Sherman says of him "History tells us of but few who so blended the grace and gentleness of the friend with the dignity, courage, faith and manliness of the soldier." Now Sandusky County has gathered to herself all that remains of another hero, her first if not her greatest. Here under the shadow of this monument among the people who love to do him honor, on the very spot he so gallantly defended, will he lie

Till mouldering worlds and tumbling systems burst;
When the last trump shall renovate his dust.
Till by the mandate of eternal truth,
His soul will flourish in immortal youth.

Such names as Croghan and McPherson are like the sound of a

trumpet. They are the precious jewels of our nation's history, to be gathered up among the treasures of the nation and kept immaculate from the tarnishing breath of the cynic and the doubter.

My Friends: Wars are cruel. They crush with bloody heel all justice, all happiness, all that is God-like in Man. We have but to read the History of Nations to discern the hideous slaughters which have marked their progress, and yet man is such a savage that until the present generation he has insisted that the only way to settle things is by the gage of battle. He has covered a hundred battle fields with men and horses; with the groans of the wounded and the dying. He has covered the pages of our history with gore, and if history, such history as you have learned here on the banks of this gentle flowing river that for a half a century had been the scene of strife and battle, if such history I say, cannot cultivate out of man the brutal spirit of war, teach him the wisdom of diplomacy and the need of arbitration, then has the lesson been lost and he has failed to taste the fruit or imbibe the philosophy of humanity. It is for us to substitute law for war, reason for force, courts of reason for the settlement of controversies among nations following up the maintenance of the law with the vitalizing forces of civilization until all nations are molded into one International Brotherhood, yielding to reason and conscience. Then can we draw the sword from its sheath and fling it into the sea rejoicing that it has gone forever. Let us recognize this truth and today on this anniversary we will lay a new stone in the temple of Universal Peace. This temple which shall rise to the very firmament and be as broad as the ends of the earth. May such occasions as this lead us away from an era of wars and battleships and new navies and bring us to a time when Patriotism and Humanity can be compatible one with another and to a time

When navies are forgotten
And fleets are useless things,
When the dove shall warm her bosom
Beneath the eagle's wings.

When memory of battles.
At last is strange and old,
When nations have one banner
And creeds have found one fold.

Then Hate's last note of discord
In all God's world shall cease,
In the conquest which is service
In the victory which is peace!

ADDRESS OF HON. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.

VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

I am gratified, indeed, to be present and participate with you for a brief while upon this historic occasion. I have not come to make a formal speech, nor did I come to make you a speech at all. According to the programme, I am to indulge only in a few "remarks."

What I shall say to you shall be born of the moment. I have brought with me no well-turned phrases. I have come simply to join with you in paying tribute to the memory of men who did valiant service in the cause of the Republic in the long ago.



C. W. FAIRBANKS.

The spot whereon we stand is sacred ground, for wherever men have fought in the cause of American liberty, that ground is sacred and ever will be held so.

George Croghan is a name that is indelibly written in the history of the Republic, and this great community honors itself when it brings back his remains from the sunny South and gives them sepulcher in the soil hallowed by his genius and valor.

We bring to-day beneath this beautiful summer sky a tribute of our gratitude for what he did for us and for our successors in the centuries which stretch before us with so much promise. We lay the remains of this brave soldier to their everlasting sleep beneath the shade of yonder monument.

I wish we knew the names of the hundred and sixty men who stood with him August 2, 1813, that we might call the roll of them here to-day and pay to them the tribute of our gratitude and our admiration. The brave commander who rendered illustrious service here in a critical period of the war of 1812, is known to us and his name is upon our lips and it will be sung by our children in days to come, but his brave compatriots are unknown. The one hundred and sixty men who stood here—as brave men as ever placed their lives upon the sacrificial altar of their country—are known, for God Almighty knows men who go down to the battle field to preserve American institutions for ages to come.

There is one brave young man, who stood with Croghan, whose name we cannot forget, and which we recall with pride and satisfaction, and that is the name of Ensign Shipp. When the British General Proctor

came bearing a flag of truce, supported by an army trained in the art of arms—five hundred British, eight hundred savages, I believe, twelve hundred in all,—against an hundred and sixty-one, commander and soldiery, it was believed that the flag of truce would win a complete surrender of the small garrison. But the British commander knew little of the metal that was in George Croghan and Ensign Shipp and the hundred and fifty-nine others who shared with them the fortunes of war. The young commander who had barely reached his majority sent to meet the officers bearing the flag of truce, this young Ensign, younger still than himself. The British officer demanded the surrender of the garrison. The Ensign answered—and history can never forget his answer: "My commandant and the garrison," said he, "are determined to defend the post to the last extremity and bury ourselves in its ruins rather than surrender to any force whatever."

It was pointed out by the British commander that resistance would probably result in massacre by the savages. To this suggestion the Ensign defiantly replied: "When the fort shall be taken there will be none to massacre. It will not be given up while a man is able to resist."

This was the note of sublime heroism. It was essentially the answer of a brave American patriot. It was a sentiment kindred to one uttered by General Grant during the Civil War. The great General, as I remember, in one of his campaigns, crossed a river and sought an engagement with the enemy with the river in his rear, and with only one transport. When it was suggested that this was, perhaps, inadequate provision in the event of the necessity of a retreat, the great captain of our armies made the laconic reply that if he was obliged to retreat, one transport would be sufficient.

As Shipp made his way back to the fort, Major Croghan awaited him. The latter knew the British would demand surrender and that the brave Ensign would decline to accede to his demand. As the fort opened for the Ensign's return, Croghan said: "Come in Shipp and we will blow them all to Hell." That was a naughty word. (A voice: "But it was the right one under the circumstances.") Yes, you are right. If it was ever to be used, then was the occasion to use it, and I think that a word like that, used in the cause of liberty, is a disinfected word.

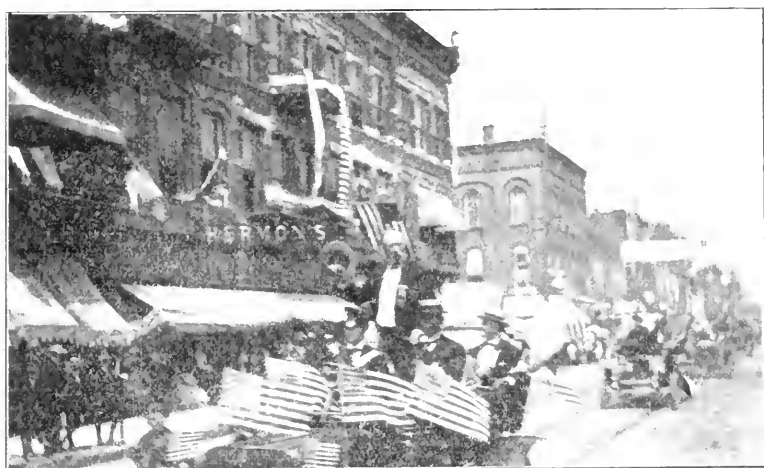
(The Vice-President indicated he was about to close. Several voices: "Go on! Go on!")

I do not want to talk longer than it took George Croghan to lick the British and the savages here. He illustrated better than any man can that it is not words which win victories, but it is deeds that accomplish them.

Fellow citizens, American liberty has cost something. It is a singular fact that those great blessings to the human race which it most longs for, which it most prays for, always come at the greatest

cost. Humanity, in all her march, back from the early mist of history, down to this present hour, has won her victories for liberty mainly upon the battle field. We who are here to-day are in the enjoyment of liberty which was won upon the field of battle. We are a great, happy, contented nation of eighty millions. We look out across the sea to the Empire of Russia, with her one hundred and forty millions struggling with the great problems of human liberty. We see their wars, we see their massacres, we see their bloodshed unspeakable. We each and every one wish that those people could come out of the bondage of iron rule into the glad sunshine of liberty.

America has had five wars: the War of the American Revolution; the War of 1812 which made us forever secure against the efforts of



VICE PRES. FAIRBANKS IN PARADE.

Great Britain to wrest liberty from us—the liberty fought for by our continental fathers; the war with Mexico was the third, and I am glad to see here to-day and take by the hand several of the survivors of the war with Mexico. Their presence is an inspiration. It is a curious coincidence that there is now present a man who knew Croghan in the Mexican War. It seems to carry us back from the present to the very presence of the hero of Fort Stephenson. Then the war of the great Rebellion—the mightiest war in the history of man. There are here to-day scores of men bearing upon their breasts the evidence of their loyalty to the Union in the hour of its supremest exigency. And later came the war with Spain.

These five wars were fought by the people of the United States.

not to enslave men but to make men free, to enlarge in a vast degree the zone of Republican government.

All honor to George Croghan and his heroic band. All honor to the soldiers of the revolution. All honor to the soldiers of the Mexican war. All honor to the soldiers of the Union. All honor to the soldiers of the Spanish-American war. The American people honor them. They honor them each and all. They hold them forever within the embrace of their fondest memory.

Fellow citizens, it would be impossible for me to close these few words without expressing that appreciation to Col. Webb C. Hayes which is in the hearts of all of us here to-day. It is a happy circumstance that he, a soldier himself, and a son of one of the brave defenders of the Union in the Civil War, should thoughtfully and generously bring back from the soil of Kentucky where he was sleeping his everlasting sleep the remains of this brave, fearless leader, in order that they might rest here amid the theater of his immortal achievements.

All honor to Colonel Hayes for what he has so splendidly done, and all honor to the community which respects and preserves the memory of those who have served so well in the cause of their country.

I will leave you, my friends, and I leave you with regret. I leave you, however, with the confident hope that you will go forward in the enjoyment of peace and happiness which are the legitimate fruits of those who fought here and elsewhere for Republican government.

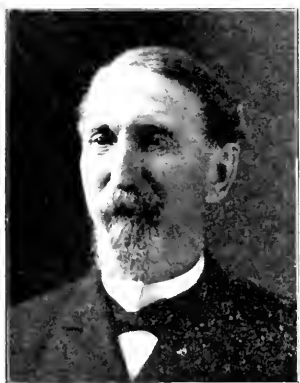
ADDRESS OF GENERAL ANDREW L. HARRIS.

GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

The chairman has stated that I will make a few remarks, and this is truly said. When your committee came to Columbus to invite me to participate on this occasion I frankly told them that it would be impossible for me to make any preparation, but that I could come providing no speech was expected of me, and, fellow citizens, Col. Hayes gladly accepted the promise, and it was with that understanding that I am here to-day, for the purpose of participating with you in my presence more than by words or speech on this memorable occasion.

I sometimes think that we have never given sufficient importance in history to the gallant deeds that were performed here in 1813. You remember that up to that time the results of the war seemed against us. We had met many reverses, but it was Col. Croghan and his 160 men who won one of the most important victories, according to the numbers engaged on our side and the numbers of the enemy, that is recorded in American history. It was from this moment that the tide of the battle turned in our favor. From that time victory after victory followed until in a few months' time the war was ended, and victory seemed vouchsafed to us so far as the mother country was concerned, the

liberty that we are enjoying to-day, and I wish to say that upon this spot, this historic spot that the tide turned in favor of the American nation, in the war of 1812-13. How unfortunate you are to have within your corporate limits the most historic spot in the United States of America. I never stood upon this ground, upon this battlefield until to-day. My mind turns back to my youthful days, when I read of the



GOVERNOR HARRIS.

bravery of Croghan and his 160 men, and I often thought it was a miracle, he being a mere youth and only 160 men, and defending the fort against so many British and Indians. But it was done, and from that day to this, this spot has been a historic spot, a spot that is dear in the minds of our American citizens.

Now, there are others to make a few remarks, and I want to give them a chance to make them, and I only want to say in conclusion that I congratulate the city of Fremont in the respect and love that it has shown for this spot, and its great defender. I want to congratulate the city of Fremont for having in your midst a young soldier who is aiding to keep this a historic spot, dearer and dearer each year in the mem-

ory of the American people, in the person of Col. Webb C. Hayes. I thank you for your attention for you must be getting tired and I will leave you, saying that I am glad it was my privilege to be with you to-day, and I will ever remember this meeting as long as I live. This day will be deep in my memory.

ADDRESS OF E. O. RANDALL.

SECRETARY OHIO ARCHAEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The only apology I have for the honor of appearing before you on this interesting occasion is that my college friend of years ago, your splendid, patriotic and enterprising fellow-citizen, Colonel Webb C. Hayes, invited me to come; his apology being that I am an official of the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, whose business it is to gather, preserve and disseminate the lore, historic and prehistoric of our great state. The orator of the day, the Hon. Samuel D. Dodge, has recited to you in graphic terms the history that led up to the siege of Fort Stephenson and the incomparable bravery and patriotism with which the youth George Croghan and his gallant little band defended the crude stockade fort and stemmed the tide that to that moment seemed against the Americans. The successful repulse of Proctor and the British

soldiers and Tecumseh, with his hundreds of braves, was the first real victory on Ohio soil in the War of 1812. That we may all the more appreciate the extent and significance of that event, let us for purposes of comparison look to other parts of the world, and note some of the stupendous acts that were being performed in the theatre of great things. In this very month, indeed on this very day and the days following, in August, 1813, Bolivar, known as the Liberator and often called the Washington of South America, as the head of several hundred volunteer revolutionists, was entering as conqueror, Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, which country was thus freed from the oppression of Spanish monarchical rule and became one of the first republics of South America. In Europe a greater scene was being enacted. The incomparable Napoleon was engaged in that series of military movements on the banks of the Elbe, which were the crowning events of his generalship and the culmination of his career. At this date (August 1813) Napoleon was



E. O. RANDALL.

approaching Dresden with an army of 100,000 troops and upon that field he defeated 150,000 of the allied forces. Two months later on the nearby famous field of Leipsic with 150,000, the flower of the French army, he was overwhelmed by the tremendous host of 250,000 soldiers under the combined powers of Europe. It was a crushing defeat for the sublime rogue of Corsica, the greatest military genius of modern times. These stupendous events shook the foundations of European dynasties, but were contests not for humanity and liberty so much as for the supremacy of one form of monarchy over another. Not on the banks of the Elbe, but here on this picturesque spot, on the banks of the peaceful little Sandusky, in the wild woods

of the Ohio Valley, devoid of the "pomp and circumstance" of gigantic war, was being fought the battle for freedom and the best form of democratic government ever given man. Here, in this little stockade fort George Croghan, a native American lad, with but 160 men, heroes of struggle and sacrifice with a might almost miraculous, repelled the forces of the British under Proctor, with 500 of the weathered veterans of the Peninsula War, the trained troops of the victorious Wellington and two thousand or more Indian braves under command of Tecumseh, the most sagacious and daring leader of his race. How did George Croghan do it? He had the versatility as well as the valor of the pioneer soldier. He had but one mounted gun, "Old Betsy," whose venerable presence now stands guard over the new grave of her old commander,—this one cannon Croghan so deftly shifted behind the stockade walls, firing a shot now through one port-hole and then through another, that the enemy were fooled into the idea that Fort Stephenson was "chuck full" of firing

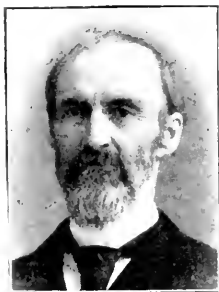
Betsies. The bravery of this American boy and his dauntless band exceeded in results for the betterment of humanity and the advance of civilization all the campaigns combined of Napoleon and his antagonists. Croghan and his 160 followers were victorious because they were typical pioneer Americans — Americans, a new type of character in the history of the world. Someone has said that God sifted four races to produce the American. Each one of you within the sound of my voice can vividly recollect how on that magnificent May morning, 1898, Dewey sailed into the Bay of Manila and almost in the twinkling of an eye sunk the Spanish fleet, without the loss of a single American sailor and scarcely the scratching of the paint from any of the American ships. We thought that that was the most unparalleled event in history and could never be repeated, but in sixty days thereafter it was encored in the Bay of Santiago when the fleet of Cervera emerged and on that July Sunday morning left the bay for the sea to encounter the storm of fire and shot from the ships of Sampson and Schley. The war correspondent of the *London Times*, one who for the last forty years had been an eye-witness of the chief military and naval feats, both in the old world and the new, gave in his paper a most graphic picture of this battle of Santiago, which he viewed from the deck of one of the American vessels. At the close of his vivid description, he made the significant remark that the behavior of the American sailor was one of the most marvelous exhibitions of coolness, bravery and accuracy he had ever witnessed. Said he, "I verily believe that had those rival seamen exchanged places, namely, had the Spanish sailors possessed the modern, thoroughly equipped American ships and thus emerged from the bay, and had the American sailors possessed the decrepid and time-worn ships of Spain, the result would have been the same, namely, that the Americans would have won the victory, because that victory was won by the character of the American boy who manned the American ships." The American boy, Croghan, who defended Fort Stephenson against such tremendous odds was the same type as the sailors of Dewey and Sampson and Schley and the followers of the generals who led in the Spanish War. It is related that when the Sultan of Turkey heard of the great victory of the Americans at Manila and Santiago, he sent for the American ambassador and asked him if the reports of the marvelous feats of the Americans were true. The ambassador replied that they were, when the sultan asked if he could buy ships and guns like those which the Americans employed. The ambassador told him that he supposed the sultan could get them, they were made in America for money by great manufacturers. "Then," said the sultan, "I will buy some of them that I may win great victories." "Oh," said the ambassador, "that you can do; but you cannot buy the American boys to man them for you." It is of such men and boys as those who fought the American Revolution,

the War of 1812, of 1848, the Rebellion of 61-5 and the Spanish War that this republic is composed. Your Vice-President and your Governor have told you in eloquent language of the heroism and patriotism of the American soldiers in those wars for independence, unity, liberty and humanity. It is a noble record of a noble people and in that record Ohio has taken a most conspicuous part. Three thousand Revolutionary soldiers, scarred and wearied after the battles for independence, came across the Alleghanies to establish homes for their declining years in the peaceful and fruitful plains and valleys of Ohio. Their lives had been dedicated to independence and freedom and their buried bones made sacred the soil of Ohio. The seed of that Revolutionary patriotism ripened into an hundred fold in the war for the national Union, for 300,000 loyal recruits went forth from the "Buckeye State" to fight on the battle-fields of the Sunny South for the preservation of the republic whose foundation was laid by their revered sires. In the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, that splendid temple erected to the faith of Christianity, lie the remains of its great architect, Christopher Wren. They repose beneath the floor in which is sunken a simple plate, upon which is inscribed the name "Christopher Wren," and the Latin inscription "*si monumentum requiris, circumspice*"; if you seek his monument, look about you. So I say, we may erect monuments, the graven metal or carved marble, to the heroes of the past, not for them, for they need them not, but for us that this reminder of their heroic deeds may lead us to emulate their examples and push on to loftier heights. No, I would say of George Croghan and the heroes of 1776 and 1812, if you should ask for their monument, look about you and contemplate the magnificent republic of which they laid the corner-stone, a republic whose people present the highest of type character and civilization and whose principles of liberty and humanity are being borne to all the inhabitants of the earth and the islands of the sea. James A. Garfield, than whom there was no more exalted example of the American citizen, soldier, statesman, scholar and orator, a martyred President from Ohio, at the close of one of his brilliant addresses used these words: "The history of the worlds is a divine poem; the history of every nation is a canto in that poem; and the life of every man is a word in that poem. The harmony of that poem has ever been resounding through the ages and though its melody has been marred by the roaring of cannon and the groans of dying men, yet to the Christian philosopher, to you and me, that poem breathes a prophecy of more happy and halcyon days to come." What a word was the life of George Croghan in that poem of universal history—a word that was a clarion note of bravery, heroism and patriotism, a note that shall ever resound clear and distinct in the harmony of American history.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY BASIL MEEK, ESQ., FREMONT, OHIO.

We have met today on this ground, famous in history, because of the victorious defence of Fort Stephenson, then standing on this spot, by Major George Croghan, and the band of heroes under his command, ninety-three years ago,—not only to commemorate that brilliant achievement, but also to further consecrate and make sacred the spot by the re-interment of the remains of its gallant defender.



BASIL MEEK.

To Col. Webb C. Hayes great praise is due, for his patriotic, persistent and successful quest for the grave of the hero, and in procuring evidence conclusive of the identity of the body, which, with the casket enclosing the same he caused to be brought here for interment. His efforts have been loyally seconded by the ladies of the George Croghan Chapter, D. A. R., of this city, who recently dedicated a commemorative

tablet near the spot from which the British cannon bombarded the fort. The tablet reads as follows:

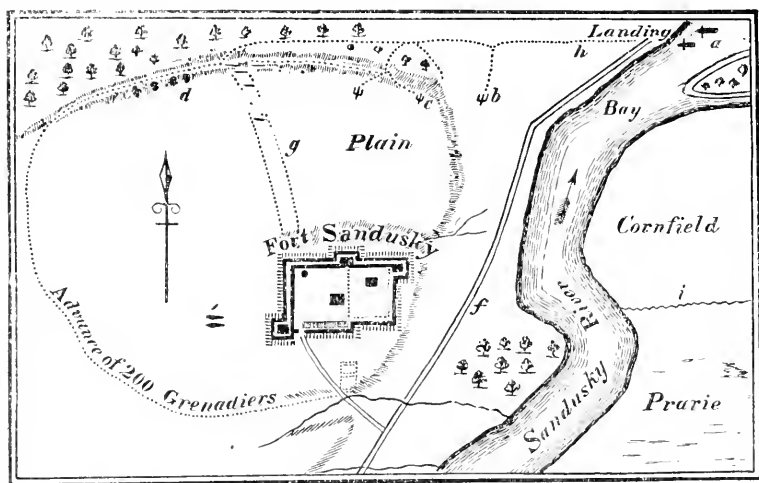
Near this spot
British cannon from Commodore Barclay's fleet bombarded
Major Croghan in Fort Stephenson August 1, and 2, 1813.
General Proctor attempted to capture the fort by assault with
his Wellington veterans, assisted by Indians under Tecumseh.
Major Croghan with only 160 men and one cannon
"Old Betsy," repulsed the assault.
The British retreated to their ships with many killed and wounded,
but leaving Lt. Col. Short, Lieut. Gordon
and 25 soldiers of the 41st regiment dead in the ditch.
Commodore Barclay was wounded and with his entire fleet including
the cannon used against Fort Stephenson was captured by
Commodore Perry at the battle of Lake Erie, Sept. 10, 1813.
General Proctor, with his British regulars, was defeated and
Tecumseh with many of his Indians, was killed by
General Harrison at the battle of the Thames, Oct. 5, 1813.
Major Croghan was awarded a gold medal and each
of his officers a sword by the congress of the United States
for gallantry in the defense of Fort Stephenson.
Erected by the George Croghan Chapter, D. A. R.

It is not for me, in this paper, to enter into any detailed account of the engagement, or any description of the fort; nor to enter into details of the causes or military movements that led up to the attack,

as these have been assigned to others. Reference, however, is made to the accompanying cut of the plan of the fort and its environs.

"In long years past, on the banks of this river
Whose current so peaceful, flows silently down,
Roamed the race of the red man, with bow and with quiver,
Where stands fair Fremont, our beautiful town."

Here centuries ago, according to tradition, there were two fortified neutral towns. One on the east and one on the west bank of the river, remains of which, in the shape of earthworks were visible within the remembrance of inhabitants now living.



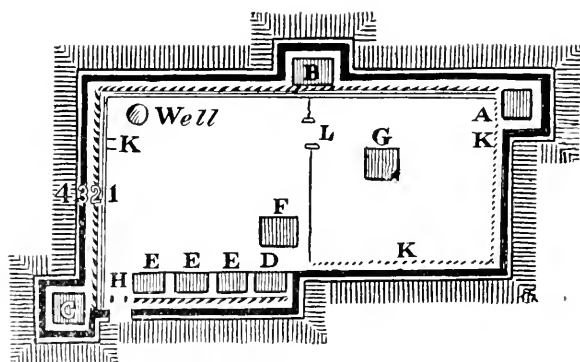
FORT SANDUSKY AND ENVIRONS.

REFERENCE TO THE ENVIRONS.—*a*—British gunboats at their place of landing. *b*—Cannon, a six-pounder. *c*—Mortar. *d*—Batteries. *e*—Graves of Lieut. Col. Short and Lieut. Gordon, who fell in the ditch. *f*—Road to Upper Sandusky. *g*—Advance of the enemy to the fatal ditch. *i*—Head of navigation.

Major B. F. Stickney, for many years Indian agent in this locality and familiar with its history and traditions, in a lecture in Toledo in 1845, speaking of these towns, said: "The Wyandots have given me this account of them. At a period of two and a half centuries ago all the Indians west of this point were at war with those east. Two walled towns were built near each other, inhabited by those of Wyandot origin. They assumed a neutral character. All of the west might enter

the western city and all of the east the eastern. The inhabitants of one city might inform those of the other that war parties were there; but who they were or whence they came or anything more must not be mentioned."

Gen. Lewis Cass, in an address in 1829 before the Historical Society of Michigan, alluding to these neutral towns, said: "During the long and disastrous contest which preceded and followed the arrival of the Europeans, in which the Iroquois contended for victory, and their enemies for existence, this little band (Wyandots) preserved the integrity of their tribe and the sacred character of peacemakers. All who met upon their threshold met as friends. This neutral nation was still in existence when the French Missionaries reached the upper lakes two centuries ago. The details of their history and of their character and privileges are meager and unsatisfactory, and this is the more to be regretted as such a sanctuary among the barbarous tribes is not only a



FORT SANDUSKY.

REFERENCES TO THE FORT. — *Line 1* — Pickets. *Line 2* — Embankment from the ditch to and against the picket. *Line 3*. Dry ditch, nine feet wide by six deep. *Line 4* — Outward embankment or glacis. A — Blockhouse first attacked by cannon. b. B — Bastion from which the ditch was raked by Croghan's artillery. C — Guard blockhouse, in the lower left corner. D — Hospital during the attack. E E E — Military store-houses. F — Commissary's store-house. G — Magazine. H — Fort gate. K K K — Wicker gates. L — Partition gate.

singular institution but altogether at variance with that reckless spirit of cruelty with which their wars are usually prosecuted." Internal feuds finally arose, as the tradition goes, and the villages were destroyed.

Here then the Indians for centuries had their homes and swarmed along the banks and in the forests and plains of the valley of their beloved river. Large game abounded on every hand, the river teemed with fish,

and the marshes were alive with wild fowl. To them it was an ideal abode and typical of their heaven, the happy hunting ground. They were mostly of the Wyandot tribe, whose ancestors' home was once on the north side of the river St. Lawrence, and who, becoming involved in a war with the Senecas, living on the opposite side, which threatened their extermination, concluded to leave their country. They settled first in the vicinity of Greenbay; the Senecas followed them and the war was renewed with varying fortunes, until finally it came to an end with the Wyandots victors, but so badly worsted as to be unable to take much advantage of their victory, and they finally settled here. They were more civilized than any of the other tribes inhabiting this region, among whom were Delawares, Shawanees and Ottawas.

The origin of the name of the river has been variously explained. A map, published in Amsterdam in 1720 founded on a great variety of Memoirs of Louisiana, represents within the present limits of Erie county a water called Lac San douske. There is also a map published by Henry Popple, London in 1733, where the bay is called "Lake Sandoski." A very probable account of the origin of the name is the tradition of aged Wyandot warriors given to Gen. Harrison in the friendly chat of the Wigwam from which it appeared that their conquering tribes in their conflict with the Senecas, centuries ago, having landed at Maumee, followed the lake shore toward the east, passing and giving names to bays, creeks and rivers until on coming to Cold creek, where it enters the bay, they were so charmed with the springs of clear, cold water in the vicinity that they pitched their tents and engaged in hunting and fishing, and by them the bay and river was called Sandusky. Meaning in their language "At the Cold Water." Butterfield gives a conversation of John M. James, with William Walker, principal chief of the Wyandots at Upper Sandusky, at Columbus, 1835. He said the meaning of the word was "at the cold water," and should be pronounced San-doo-s-tee. The Lower San-doo-s-tee (cold water) and Upper San-doo-s-tee being the descriptive Wyandot Indian names known as far back as our knowledge of this tribe extends.

Here at Lower Sandusky was one of the most important Wyandot villages, named Junque-indundeh, which in the Wyandot language, noted for its descriptive character, signifies "at the place of the hanging haze or mist (smoke)," a name applicable and of a poetic tinge when its site with the surrounding forests, prairies and marshes, and the burning leaves and grass are considered. Through this village passed one of the main Indian trails from Detroit to the Ohio River country through the Ohio wilderness. There was good navigation from here to Detroit and the upper lakes, and a good waterway for their canoes, with but a short portage, between the Sandusky river and the Scioto, to the Ohio river.

For a period of nearly sixty years before the battle of Fort Stephen-

son this spot was on the route pursued by military expeditions of France, Great Britain and our forefathers, and by the war parties of the savage red man from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. The first military expedition of white men to this place of which we have a record at the present time, was that of the French sent out by DeLongueuil, commandant at Detroit, in 1748, during the conspiracy of Nicolas, the Wyandot chief who resided at Sandosket, on the north side of the bay of that name, and who had permitted English traders from Pennsylvania to erect a large blockhouse at his principal town on the north side of Lake Sandoski, in 1745, named Fort Sandusky. After the failure of his conspiracy, Nicolas resolved to abandon his towns on Sandusky Bay, and on April 7, 1748, destroyed his villages and forts and with his warriors and their families moved to the Illinois country.

The French sent another expedition in 1749 under Captain de Celeron who after passing up the Sandusky river conducted an expedition to the Ohio country, burying engraved leaden plates along the Ohio river. The first British expedition up the Sandusky was after the close of the old French War in 1760, when Robert Rogers, a native of New Hampshire, was directed to take possession of the western forts. He left Montreal on the 13th of September, 1760, with two hundred Rangers—proceeding west he visited Sandusky—after securing the fort at Detroit returned by land via Sandusky and Tuscarawas Trail to Fort Pitt, stopping at the Lower Rapids of the Sandusky, probably on this very knoll. The succeeding expedition, that of Colonel Bradstreet and Israel Putnam in 1764, was outlined in the address of Hon. S. D. Dodge.

In May, 1778, the Renegades Alexander McKee, Matthew Elliott and Simon Girty passed through Lower Sandusky to join the notorious Lieutenant-Governor Henry Hamilton at Detroit, and lead the savages in their attack on the settlers. James Girty came from Fort Pitt a few weeks later to join them. Later in the year 1778 Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton, then held captive by the Indians, at different times passed through Lower Sandusky en route to Detroit. Strange to say Simon Girty saved Simon Kenton's life and sent him to Detroit after he had been condemned to be burned and tortured.

The next military expedition of which we have knowledge which stopped at or passed through this place was the British contingent which served with the Indians in repelling Crawford's expedition which culminated in the terrible scene of Crawford's execution by burning at the stake. This followed about two months after the passage of the Moravians through this place on their removal to Detroit.

The pathetic story of the Moravian Indians whose villages were originally planted on the banks of the Tuscarawas river, in 1772, had a sad ending some ten years later in the brutal massacre which forms one of the darkest pages of Revolutionary times. The Moravian missionaries and Christian Indians seemed to excite the special enmity of the

savages both white and red, British and American. The renegades, Elliott, Girty and McKee, finally persuaded the British Commandant at Detroit to order their removal, and sent the bloody Wyandot Indians under their war chiefs Kuhn of Lower Sandusky, and Snip of Upper Sandusky, accompanied by the famous Delaware chief Captain Pipe of Upper Sandusky, to transfer them to the Sandusky villages or to the vicinity of Detroit. This was carried out in their usual ruthless manner. While the Indian converts remained at Upper Sandusky, De Peyster, the Commandant of Detroit, through the machinations of Simon Girty, ordered the missionaries brought before him. Rev. John Heckewelder, one of the missionaries, afterward wrote, in his "History of the Mission": "On the morning of the 13th of March, 1782, a Frenchman named Francis Levallie, from Lower Sandusky, gave us notice that Girty who was to have taken us to Detroit, having gone with a party of Wyandots to war against the Americans on the Ohio, had appointed him to take his place in taking us to Detroit, and that on the next day after tomorrow (the 15th) he would be here again to set out with us. A little conversation with this man satisfied us that we had fallen into better hands. He told us: 'Girty had ordered him to drive us before him to Detroit, the same as if we were cattle, and never make a halt for the purpose of the women giving suck to their children. That he should take us around the head of the lake (Erie) and make us foot every step of the way.' He, however would not do this, but would take us to Lower Sandusky, and from that place send a runner with a letter to the Commandant at Detroit, representing our situation and taking further orders from him respecting us."

Notwithstanding Girty's hard order, the kind-hearted Frenchman conducted the missionaries with every regard for their comfort and safety, and boats were sent to take them from Lower Sandusky to Detroit. A short time after reaching Lower Sandusky they received word that the almost equally brutal white borderers on the American side, led by the notorious Col. Williamson, had marched from Fort Pitt and cruelly slaughtered some ninety or more Christian Indians who still remained at the Moravian villages on the Tuscarawas. The missionary band at Lower Sandusky consisted of the senior missionary David Zeisberger, and his wife; John Heckewelder, wife and child; Senseman, wife and babe but a few weeks old; Youngman and wife; and Edwards and Michael Young, unmarried. The two latter were, while in Lower Sandusky, lodged in the house of Mr. Robbins. The other four missionaries with their families were guests of Mr. Arundel. Robbins and Arundel were English traders at this place.

Heckewelder in his History of Indian Nations describes the ordeal of running the gauntlet as follows:

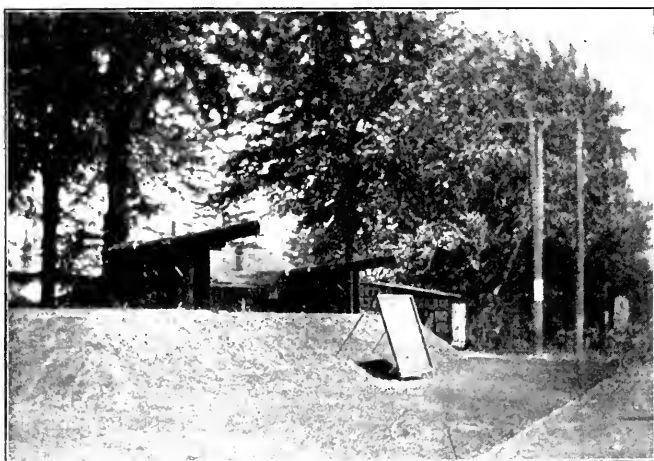
"In the month of April, 1782, when I was myself a prisoner at Lower Sandusky, waiting for an opportunity to proceed with a trader to

Detroit. — three American prisoners were brought in by fourteen warriors from the garrison of Fort McIntosh. As soon as they had crossed the Sandusky river to which the village lay adjacent, they were told by the captain of the party to run as hard as they could to a painted post which was shown to them. The youngest of the three without a moment's hesitation immediately started for it, and reached it fortunately without receiving a single blow; the second hesitated for a moment, but recollecting himself, he also ran as fast as he could and likewise reached the post unhurt. The third, frightened at seeing so many men, women and children with weapons in their hands ready to strike him, kept begging the captain to spare him, saying that he was a mason and would build him a fine large stone house or do any work for him that he would please.

"Run for your life," cried the chief to him, "and don't talk now of building houses!" But the poor fellow still insisted, begging and praying to the captain, who at last finding his exhortations vain and fearing the consequences turned his back upon him and would not hear him any longer. Our mason now began to run, but received many a hard blow, one of which nearly brought him to the ground, which, if he had fallen would have decided his fate. He, however, reached the goal, and not without being sadly bruised, and he was beside bitterly reproached and scoffed at all round as a vile coward, while the others were hailed as brave men and received tokens of universal approbation."

"In the year 1782," says Heckewelder, "the war chief of the Wyandot tribe of Indians of Lower Sandusky sent a young white man whom he had taken as prisoner as a present to another chief who was called the Half King of Upper Sandusky, for the purpose of being adopted into his family in the place of one of his sons who had been killed the preceding year. The prisoner arrived and was presented to the Half King's wife, but she refused to receive him; which according to the Indian rule was in fact a sentence of death. The young man was therefore taken away for the purpose of being tortured and burnt on the pile. While the dreadful preparations were making and the unhappy victim was already tied to the stake, two English traders, moved by feelings of pity and humanity, resolved to unite their exertions to endeavor to save the prisoner's life by offering a ransom to the war chief; which however he refused, saying it was an established rule among them to sacrifice a prisoner when refused adoption; and besides the numerous war captains were on the spot to see the sentence carried into execution. The two generous Englishmen, were, however, not discouraged, and determined to try another effort. They appealed to the well-known high-minded pride of an Indian. 'But,' said they, 'among all these chiefs whom you have mentioned there is none who equals you in greatness; you are considered not only as the greatest and bravest, but as the best man in the nation.' 'Do you really believe what you say?' said

the Indian looking them full in the face. 'Indeed we do.' Then without speaking another word, he blackened himself, and taking his knife and his tomahawk in his hand, made his way through the crowd to the unhappy victim, crying out with a loud voice, 'what have you to do with my prisoner?' and at once cutting the cords with which he was tied, took him to his house, which was near that of Mr. Arundel, whence he was secured and carried off by safe hands to Detroit, where the Commandant sent him by water to Niagara, where he was soon after liberated; the Indians who witnessed this act, said it was truly heroic; they were so confounded by the unexpected conduct of this chief and by his manly and resolute appearance, that they had not time to reflect upon what they should do, and before their astonishment was well over, the prisoner was out of their reach."



REDOUBT OF THE FORT.

Another description of the same ordeal is related by Jeremiah Armstrong, who with an older brother and sister, was captured by the Indians in 1794 opposite Blennerhassett's Island and brought to this place. He says: "On arriving at Lower Sandusky, before entering the town, they halted and formed a procession for Cox (a fellow prisoner), my sister and myself to run the gauntlet. They pointed to the home of their chief, Old Crane, (Tarhe), about a hundred yards distant, signifying that we should run into it. We did so and were received very kindly by the old chief; he was a very mild man, beloved by all." Tarhe when critically analyzed means "*at him,*" "*the tree,*" or "*at the tree,*" the tree personified. Crane was a nickname given him by the French on account

of his height and slender form. Tarhe's wife was a white woman, a captive named Sally Frost, who had been adopted by the Wyandots.

LOWER SANDUSKY.

The two mile square tract which still comprises the corporate limits of the city of Fremont, was ceded to the government of the United States by the Indians at the treaty of Fort McIntosh, January 21, 1785, renewed at Fort Harmar, January 9, 1789, and reaffirmed at the treaty of Greenville, August 3, 1795; and has constituted a distinct military or civil jurisdiction now for 121 years. Gen. George Rogers Clark, the uncle of our Major George Croghan, was one of the Commissioners of the United States who made the treaty with the Indians at Fort McIntosh, by which the spot so gallantly defended by his nephew, twenty-eight years after, was first ceded to the government.

While this region was within the jurisdiction of Delaware county (1809-15) the term or name Lower Sandusky was sometimes understood to apply to all that region within the Sandusky river valley north of an undefined line dividing the upper from the lower Sandusky country. On April 29, 1811, as recorded in journal 1, page 35, the board of county commissioners of Delaware county passed the following resolution:

"Resolved by the board of commissioners of Delaware county in conformity to a petition from the white inhabitants of Sandusky and by the verbal request of some of the inhabitants of Radnor township, that all that part of country commonly known and called by the name of Upper and Lower Sanduskys shall be and now is attached to Radnor township enjoying township privileges so far as is agreeable to law."

This is the first record concerning local civil government here, that I have been able to find.

It is quite reasonable to conclude that more than the two-mile square tract is meant by "All that part of country commonly known and called by the name of Lower Sandusky." In further support of this conclusion may be mentioned a criminal prosecution in the common pleas court of Huron county at the May term, 1819, while this territory was within that jurisdiction. — Law Record, Vol. 1, page 217.

The case referred to was the State of Ohio vs. Ne-go-sheek, Ne-gon-e-ba and Ne-gossum, three Ottawa Indians, indicted for the murder of John Wood and George Bishop, white men, at a hunter's and trapper's camp on the Portage river, at a point about twelve miles from its mouth, near what is now Oak Harbor in Ottawa county, April 21, 1819. The indictment was drawn and the prosecution conducted by Ebenezer Lane, assisted by Peter Hitchcock, both very able lawyers and not likely to be mistaken in the averments as to the venue or place where the crime was committed, which, though known to have been several miles distant from the two-mile square tract, was nevertheless charged in the indictment as committed "At the county of Huron in Lower Sandusky."

A very interesting account of this case may be found in the *Fireland Pioneer*, June 1865, page 43. Ne-gossum was discharged without trial. The other two were convicted and sentenced to be hung, which sentence was executed at Norwalk, July 1, 1819. Lane and Hitchcock both subsequently became Judges of the Supreme Court of the State.

On August 1, 1815, while the region known as Lower Sandusky was within the civil jurisdiction of Huron County, having been transferred from Delaware County to Huron, January 31, 1815, the Township of Lower Sandusky was formed by the commissioners of that county, and provision made for the first election of township officers for the township, the same to be held August 15, 1815, at the house of Israel Harrington.

The order, among other things, provided: "Said township to comprise all that part of Huron County west of the 24th range of Connecticut Reserve," which meant then all that region of country between the west line of Huron and the east lines of Hancock, Wood and Lucas Counties, lying south of Lake Erie and extending to the south line of Seneca County.

At this election Israel Harrington, Randall Jerome and Jeremiah Everett (father of Homer Everett) were elected township trustees; Isaac Lee, clerk; Morris A. Newman and William Ford, overseers of the poor, and Charles B. Fitch and Henry Dubrow, appraisers.

This immense township thus remained until May 18, 1819, when by action of the county commissioners of Huron County another township was formed by detaching from the township of Lower Sandusky all that part of the same east of the Sandusky river. To the new township the name of Croghan was given.

FORT STEPHENSON PARK AND BIRCHARD LIBRARY.

Fort Stephenson Park, the site of the fort, covers a little more than two acres of ground, and is a part of a 57 acre tract, numbered 9, of the subdivision of the two-mile square reservation made in 1817, and about that time platted into inlots and is located near the center of the historic two-mile square tract. The first purchaser from the government was Cyrus Hulburd, whose deed is dated March 11, 1824. From him it passed through successive grantees till the title to the three-fourths part fronting Croghan street was acquired by Lewis Leppelman, the southwest one-eighth by Dr W. V. B. Ames, and the southeast one-eighth by Lucinda Claghorn. The city of Fremont purchased this property in 1873, the Birchard Library Association, having contributed \$9,000 toward the purchase of the property, and being the equitable owner of one-third thereof. On March 29, 1878, the Birchard Library Association became the owner of the legal title to the undivided one-third of this ground by deed of conveyance from the City council of Fremont pursuant to an ordinance duly passed February 18, 1878. This deed

contained the conditions prescribed in the ordinance which are as follows: "That said Birchard Library Association are to have the right to erect, maintain and occupy a building for the Birchard Library on Lots number two hundred and twenty-one (221) and two hundred and forty (240), and that said City have the right to erect, maintain and occupy a building on said premises for a City Hall, where the same is now being erected on the corner of Croghan and Arch streets, and that no other building, fence or structure of any kind shall hereafter be erected or put upon any part of said Lots, nor shall the same ever be used for any purpose other than as a Public Park or any part thereof sold or conveyed without the consent of both the said City Council and the said Birchard Library Association. The control and supervision of said Park shall be vested in the City Council and said Birchard Library Association jointly, but said City Council shall have the exclusive use and control of the building now on said Lots."

The Birchard Library Association, which was largely instrumental in preserving old Fort Stephenson for the public, was founded in 1873 by Sardis Birchard, who named a Board of Trustees of which his nephew Rutherford B. Hayes was the president, and arranged to place with such Board property and securities to the value of \$50,000. Mr. Birchard died January 21, 1874, before the property intended to be given was legally vested in this Board of Trustees, and his last will, dated August 21, 1872, contained no provision for the Library.

His nephew and residuary legatee, Rutherford B. Hayes, however, on February 14, 1874, but fifteen days subsequent to the probating of Mr. Birchard's will, himself made a will in his own handwriting, witnessed by J. W. Wilson and A. E. Rice, which will was for the sole purpose of correcting this omission and securing for the Library the endowment intended by Mr. Birchard. Item 2 of General Hayes's will was as follows:

"To carry out the intention of my uncle for the benefit of the people of Fremont and vicinity, I give and bequeath to the Birchard Library all my right, title and interest to the following property, viz." Then followed the description of parcels of real estate in Toledo, out of which was to be realized an aggregate of \$40,000 for the Library. Subsequently this property was conveyed by deed and later it was sold. It was undoubtedly the expectation and intention of Mr. Birchard to complete his gift while living; hence the absence of any provision for it in his will, although his cash bequests to educational and charitable institutions and relatives and friends other than his residuary legatees, aggregated some \$40,000.

General Hayes, in making this will at the time he did, evidently intended that even in the case of his own death, the people of Fremont and vicinity should receive the unexecuted gift of Mr. Birchard; so that the people are indebted both to the benevolence of Sardis Birchard and to the generosity of Rutherford B. Hayes for Birchard Library.

It is an interesting fact that the existence of the above mentioned will was only learned during the present year by the finding of a photographic copy of it, which has since been placed in Birchard Library.

The name Fort Stephenson first appears in the military records as follows:

"FORT STEPHENSON, May 22, 1813.

May it please your Excellency:

Sir: Agreeably to your orders I have forwarded all the articles specified therein. * * * Considerable manual labor has been done on the garrison since you left this place and improvements are daily making. * * * One person has been buried since you left this place. He came from Fort Meigs with a part of the baggage of Major Tod. * * * "

R. E. Post, Adjutant.

The Major Tod mentioned became the president judge of the common pleas court of the district to which Sandusky county was attached when organized and presided at the first term of that court held in the county, May 8, 1820, at Croghansville.

At the time of the defense of Fort Stephenson there were but very few white inhabitants in Lower Sandusky, as is evidenced by the following petition to Governor Meigs, dated December 21, 1813:

"May it please your Excellency:—

"The undersigned inhabitants and settlers on the plains of Lower Sandusky on the reservation beg leave to humbly represent their present situation."

"In the first instance B. F. Stickney, Indian Agent has denied us the right or privilege of settling on these grounds * * * and has actually instructed Gen. Gano, our present Commandant, to dispossess us of our present inheritance. Many of us * * * have been severe sufferers since the commencement of the present war. * * * We do not, neither can we attempt to claim any legal right to the ground or spot of earth on which we have each individually settled; but the improvements which we have made and the buildings which we have erected we trust will not be taken from us. * * * Permission to build has been granted by Gen. Gano to those who have erected cabins since his arrival."

Signed by Morris A. Newman, Israel Harrington, George Bean, Geo. Ermatington, R. E. Post, Asa Stoddard, R. Loomis, Jesse Skinner, William Leach, Walter Brabrook, Louis Moshelle, Wm. Hamilton, Lewis Geaneau, Patrick Cress.

Whether this petition was granted or not there is no record to show, but it is probable that it was. But few of the names of the fourteen signers appear in the subsequent history of the county affairs. Israel Harrington and Morris A. Newman, however, became Associate Judges of the Common Pleas Court, and Judge Newman was also County Commissioner. It was at his tavern on the northeast corner of Ohio

Avenue and Pine Street, in Croghansville, that the first term of the common pleas court in the county was held, and Judge Harrington was one of the associate judges presiding at that term.

BALL'S BATTLE.

On July 30, 1813, when General Harrison sent Colonel Wells to relieve Major Croghan from command at Fort Stephenson, he was escorted from Fort Seneca by Colonel Ball's squadron, consisting of about 100 horse. On the way down they fell in with a body of Indians and fought what has since been called Ball's Battle. Israel Harrington, a resident of Lower Sandusky at the time of the battle and one of the first associate judges of Sandusky county, said that "three days after he passed the ground and counted thereon thirteen dead Indians awfully cut and mangled by the horsemen. None of the squadron were killed and but one slightly wounded." The scene of this battle is about one and a half miles southwest of Fremont on the west bank of the river, near what is now the residence of Birchard Havens. There was an oak tree on the site of the action within the memory of persons still living, with seventeen hacks in it to indicate the number of Indians killed; but this tree has unfortunately disappeared as have many other monuments of those stirring times. Howe says: "The squadron were moving toward the fort when they were suddenly fired upon by the Indians from the west side of the road, whereupon Colonel Ball ordered a charge and he and suite and the right flank being in advance first came into action. The colonel struck the first blow. He dashed in between two savages and cut down the one on the right; the other being slightly in the rear, made a blow with a tomahawk at his back, when, by a sudden spring of his horse, it fell short and was buried deep in the cantel and pad of his saddle. Before the savage could repeat the blow he was shot by Corporal Ryan. Lieut. Hedges (now Gen. Hedges of Mansfield) following in the rear, mounted on a small horse pursued a big Indian and just as he had come up to him his stirrup broke, and he fell headfirst off his horse, knocking the Indian down. Both sprang to their feet, when Hedges struck the Indian across his head, and as he was falling buried his sword up to its hilt in his body. At this time Captain Hopkins was seen on the left side in pursuit of a powerful savage, when the latter turned and made a blow at the captain with a tomahawk, at which the horse sprang to one side. Cornet Hayes then came up, and the Indian struck at him, his horse in like manner evading the blow. Serj. Anderson now arriving, the Indian was soon dispatched. By this time the skirmish was over, the Indians who were only about 20 in number being nearly all cut down; and orders were given to retreat to the main squadron. Col. Ball dressed his men ready for a charge, should the Indians appear in force, and moved down without further molestation to the fort, where they arrived about 4 P. M."

Among Colonel Ball's troopers was a private, James Webb, the father of Lucy Webb Hayes, whose old flint-lock rifle and hunting horn are among the treasures of Spiegel Grove.

In the plan of the environs of the Fort, it will be noted that the spot where the British officers, Lieut. Colonel Shortt and Lieut. Gordon were buried, is marked. The new High School building now covers this spot, and in 1891, while excavating for its foundation portions of the graves were uncovered and metallic buttons with the number of the regiment, 41, stamped on them were found, which have been placed in Birchard Library by Mr. H. S. Dorr, their owner. Mr. Dorr, soon after finding these buttons showed them to President Hayes who stated that in reading an autobiography of a Scotch Bishop Gordon, he found the following: "The great sorrow of my life was the loss of a son in an unimportant battle in an obscure place in North America—called Fort Sandusky."

From an English work, the "Dictionary of National Biography" the following facts are gathered. The father of Lieut. Gordon was James Bently Gordon (1750-1819) of Londonderry, Ireland, who graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1773 took Holy Orders and subsequently was presented with the living, first of Cannaway on Cork and finally that of Killegney in Wexford, both of which he retained till his death, in April, 1819. He was a zealous student of history and geography and a voluminous writer of books on such subjects, among which were "Terraquea or a New System of Geography and Modern History," "A History of the Rebellion in Ireland in 1798," "A History of the British Islands" and "An Historical and Geographical Memoir of the North American Continent."

He married in 1779 a daughter of Richard Bookey of Wicklow, by whom he had several children. His eldest son, James George Gordon, entered the army and was killed at Fort Sandusky in August, 1813.

DEFENDERS OF FORT STEPHENSON.

The public is greatly indebted to Col. Webb C. Hayes for his untiring and partially successful efforts in procuring the names, appearing below, of the officers and soldiers in the garrison at Fort Stephenson at the time of its heroic defence.

The list is not complete, containing only seventy-eight names out of the 160 in the fort at the time. The war records at Washington do not show the names of the volunteers, who were detached and assigned to this service; hence it was impossible for him to obtain their names.

The following are the names furnished by Col. Hayes:

Major George Croghan, Seventeenth U. S. Inf., commanding.

Captain James Hunter.

First lieutenant, Benjamin Johnson; second lieutenant, Cyrus A.

Baylor; ensign, Edmund Shipp; Ensign, Joseph Duncan, all of the Seventeenth U. S. Infantry.

First Lieutenant, Joseph Anthony, Twenty-fourth U. S. Infantry.

Second Lieutenant, John Meek, Seventh U. S. Infantry.

Petersburg Volunteers.

Pittsburg Blues.

Greensburg Riflemen.

Captain Hunter's company, Capt. James Hunter commanding. Sergeants, Wayne Case, James Huston, Obadiah Norton. Corporals, Matthew Burns, William Ewing, John Maxwell.

Privates: Pleasant Bailey, Samuel Brown, Elisha Condiff, Thomas Crickman, Ambrose Dean, Leonard George, Nathaniel Gill, John Harley, Jonathan Hartley, William McDonald, Joseph McKey, Frederick Metts, Rice Millender, John Mumman, Samuel Pearsall, Daniel Perry, William Ralph, John Rankin, Elisha Rathbun, Aaron Ray, Robert Row, John Salley, John Savage, John Smith, Thomas Striplin, William Sutherland, Martin Tanner, John Zett, David Perry.

Captain Duncan's company, 17th U. S. Inf., First Lieutenant Benjamin Johnson commanding. Second Lieutenant Cyrus A. Baylor. Sergeants, Henry Lawell; Thomas McCaul, John M. Stotts, Notley Williams.

Privates: Henry L. Bethers, Cornelius S. Bevins, Joseph Blamer, Jonathan C. Bowling, Nicholas Bryant, Robert Campbell, Samuel Campbell, Joseph Klinkenbeard, Joseph Childers, Ambrose Dine, Jacob Downs, James Harris, James Heartley, William Johnson, Elisha Jones, Thomas Linchard, William McClelland, Joseph McKee, John Martin, Ezekiel Mitchell, William Rogers, David Sudderfield, Thomas Taylor, John Williams.

Detachment Twenty-fourth U. S. Infantry. First Lieutenant Joseph Anthony commanding.

Privates: William Gaines, John Foster, ——— Jones, Samuel Riggs, Samuel Thurman.

Greensburg Riflemen. Sergeant Abraham Weaver.

Petersburg Volunteers. Private Edmund Brown.

Pittsburg Blues.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY.

During the war of the Revolution, Captain Samuel Brady was sent here by direction of Washington to learn if possible the strength of the Indians in this quarter. He approached the village under cover of night and fording the river secreted himself on the Island just below the falls. When morning dawned a fog rested over the valley which completely cut off from view the shore from either side. About 11 o'clock a bright sun quickly dispelled the mist and the celebrated borderer became the witness from his concealment of a series of interesting horse races by the Indians during the three days he remained on the Island, from which

he concluded that they were not then preparing for any hostile movements, and started to return, and after a perilous tramp of several days reached the fort from which he had been sent out. This Island where Brady secreted himself was known among the early settler's as Brady's Island. Capt. Brady subsequently started on a scout towards the Sandusky villages as before and had arrived in the neighborhood, when he was made a prisoner and taken to one of the villages. There was great rejoicing at the capture of Brady, and great preparation and parade were made for torturing him. The Indians collected in a large body, old and young, on the day set for his execution. Among them was Simon Girty, whom he knew, they having been boys together. Girty refused to recognize or aid him in any way. The time for execution arrived, the fires were lighted, the circle around him was drawing closer and he began sensibly to feel the effects of the fire. The withes which confined his arms and legs were getting loose and he soon found he could free himself. A fine looking squaw of one of the chiefs ventured a little too near for her own safety and entirely within his reach. By one powerful exertion he cleared himself from everything by which he was confined, caught the squaw by the head and shoulders, and threw her on top of the burning pile, and in the confusion that followed made his escape. The Indians pursued, but he outdistanced them, the crowning feat being his celebrated leap across the Cuyahoga river at the present site of Kent, known as Brady's Leap. ,

Brady's name is perpetuated in the chief island of Sandusky river, within the limits of the city of Fremont; his exploits are typical of the emergencies of that early frontier life and of the spirit in which they were everywhere met.

SANDUSKY COUNTY.

Gen. Arthur St. Clair, governor of the Northwest Territory, organized Hamilton County, February 11, 1792, with Cincinnati as the county seat, and the present Sandusky County forming a very small portion of it. Subsequently Wayne County was organized, August 15, 1796, with Detroit as the county seat, covering a vast extent of territory from the Cuyahoga river on the east and extending as far west as Fort Wayne, Indiana, and the present site of Chicago, with its northern boundary the Canadian boundary line, extending through the Great Lakes from Lake Superior to Lake Erie. This included the present county of Sandusky. On the organization of the state of Ohio it was included in Franklin county with Franklinton as the county seat, until February 17, 1809, when it became a part of Delaware county with Delaware the county seat, and so remained until January 31, 1815. In April, 1811, Lower Sandusky by name was attached to Radnor township of Delaware county, by the county commissioners for township purposes. On January 31, 1815, it became a part of Huron county with Avery, now Milan, as the county seat, until 1818, and after that date with Norwalk as the county

seat. On February 20, 1820, the state legislature organized the territory ceded by the Indians under the treaty of September 29, 1817, into fourteen counties, of which Sandusky was one. Sandusky county as thus organized, extended from the west line of the Western Reserve to the east line of Wood county, and from the north line of Seneca county to the lake; and included all of the present counties of Sandusky and Ottawa, and parts of Erie and Lucas. For the first four years, Sandusky and Seneca counties were joined for judicial purposes. Croghansville, on the east bank of the Sandusky river, was the first county seat, until 1822, when the town Sandusky on the west bank became the permanent county seat and later these two towns were joined and known as the town of Lower Sandusky, as mentioned below.

The name of the county is derived from that of the river, which enters from the south, two miles east of the southeast corner of Ballville township, and flows northeasterly, entirely across the county, a distance, following its meanderings, of about thirty miles, when it empties into the bay which by early geographers was named Lake Sandusky.

Originally, as is shown by a plat of a survey made by Josiah Atkins, Jr. (Plat Record 3, page 3), the term "Lower Sandusky" was applied to the entire tract of "two miles square on each side of the lower rapids of the Sandusky River," as originally ceded by the Indians at the treaty of Fort McIntosh, January 21, 1785, and contained the village of Croghansville. According to this plat, Croghansville extended across the river and included several inlots and some larger tracts on the west side, the 57-acre tract containing the site of the Fort being one.

After the township of Croghan was formed in 1819, this term had reference to the whole tract on both sides of the Sandusky river; but thereafter the name "Sandusky" was applied to the west side exclusively, both as to the village and township, the village being sometimes called "Town of Sandusky."

When the county was organized it contained two townships only, namely, Sandusky, which included the village of that name on the west side and all of the county west of the river; and Croghan, which included the village of Croghansville and all of the county east of the river. Subsequently, in 1827, that portion of Croghan township in which the village on the east side was located, was attached to Sandusky township by the county commissioners. In 1829 the territory of both villages, by act of the legislature, was incorporated by the name of the "Town of Lower Sandusky." It was changed to Fremont at the October term, 1849, of the common pleas court (Journal 6, page 437).

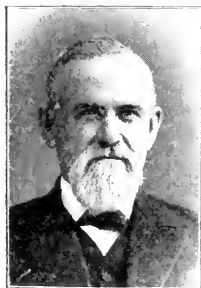
It is a matter of regret that the name about which cluster so many interesting traditions and local historical associations was ever changed to one which, however highly honored, carries with it no suggestions of these traditions or local history. The change was, however, thought to be called for in order to prevent confusion in the matter of the postal service, owing to the quadruplication of names.

The name Croghansville, for the village, was probably first suggested by Josiah Meigs, Commissioner of the General Land Office, in a letter from Washington City, April 12, 1816, in which, among other words are these: "If it were left to me to name the town at Lower Sandusky I should name it in honor of the gallant youth, Col. Croghan — and should say it should be Croghansville.

The name is still preserved in that of the school on the hill on the East Side, known as Croghansville School, as well as in the street abutting on Fort Stephenson.

REMARKS OF J. P. MOORE.

I was born in Pennsylvania in 1829 and brought to the Black Swamp in 1834. All my older brothers attended the Croghan celebration at Lower Sandusky in 1839 and I have been present at every celebration since that time.



J. P. MOORE.

My early associations in Lower Sandusky and Fremont were with such men as Thomas L. Hawkins, dramatist, poet and preacher; David Gallagher, a narrator of early history; David Deal, a hotel keeper, who saw service at Fort Meigs, all soldiers of the war of 1812. Also Israel Harrington, a neighbor in Sandusky county. James Kirk and a man named Figley, both of whom worked on the old fort before the battle of August 2, 1813, have visited me here in Fremont and while visiting the fort and going over the ground in its vicinity have graphically described to me the location and

construction of the fort and many incidents connected with its building and its defense against the British and Indians.

The late David Deal, who was a member of Col. James Stephenson's regiment of Ohio militia, told me that Col. Stephenson left them at Fort Meigs in January, 1813, to go to Lower Sandusky to build the fort which has ever since been called Fort Stephenson.

I had always supposed that the first fort constructed on this site was built by Col. Stephenson's soldiers in January, 1813, but Col. Hayes has shown me a number of official records and a copy of an order issued by Brig. General William Irvine dated at Fort Pitt (now Pittsburgh) November 11, 1782, during the Revolutionary War, to Major Craig as follows: "Sir, I have received intelligence through various channels that the British have established a post at Lower Sandusky, etc., etc., also a copy of the treaty by which the reservation (present corporation limits of Fremont), two miles square, of which Fort Stephenson is about the center, was established by the treaty of Fort McIntosh as early as 1785 and continued in all subsequent treaties. Also an order from Governor Meigs of Ohio to Captain John Campbell dated Zanes-

ville, June 11, 1812. "You will take with you the necessary tools for building two blockhouses at Sandusky." * * *. "You will build two blockhouses and piquet them so as to protect the United States trading house and store at the place." * * *. "I expect you will meet at Sandusky Major Butler, from Delaware with a company to assist you."

Governor Meigs' letter shows that the fort was built in 1812, but the official record also shows that it was abandoned for a short time after Hull's surrender.

The old soldier Figley, of Columbiana county, came here early in February, 1813, and worked on the fort until mustered out at Cleveland on June 1st of that year. He related to me how the pickets were drawn by oxen from the vicinity of Stoay Prairie to the fort and points sharpened and the posts set in the ground close up one against the other. Many of the oxen engaged in drawing them died of starvation or were devoured by the wolves howling around the fort.

The company to which James Kirk belonged came to the fort June 1, 1813, and worked here until the arrival of the British and Indians the day before the battle. James Kirk himself had been detailed to carry dispatches to Fort Seneca the day before the battle so that he was not present but came down early on the morning of August 3 and helped bury the British dead. He distinctly heard the firing of the British cannon and howitzers and noticed that some discharges were louder than others.

Kirk was 25 years old at that time and after his discharge opened a blacksmith shop in Lower Sandusky in 1818 and in 1828 went to Port Clinton. He said that the well in the fort was not a good one, so that the garrison got their water from a spring at the foot of Garrison street, bringing it through a small gate on the east side of the fort, for which gate Kirk made the hinges.

I sent my son Theodore to visit James Kirk in 188— and get a description of the fort. Kirk said "Mark off a square plat of ground containing half an acre with a block house on the northeast corner and one in the northwest corner, this was the original fort. In June, 1813, when we came here the fort was found to be too small. He said, "mark off another square on the west side of the old square and this you will see will place the northwest blockhouse in the center of the north line of the enlarged fort. This was the blockhouse from which "Old Betsy" cleared the ditch when it was filled with Col. Shortt's men. There was a sealed log house in the new part filled with biscuit for Perry's fleet. This house was knocked down level with the pickets by the British cannon balls. The northeast blockhouse was in the center of Croghan and Arch streets. The center blockhouse was about opposite the monument. The northwest angle of the fort extended out about 15 feet into High street. There were many extra guns in the fort, as a company of Pennsylvania soldiers had deposited their guns there a few days be-

fore the battle on their way here from Fort Meigs. Their time being out, they were on their way home to be mustered out.

The walls of the fort were made of logs, some round, some smooth on one side, half of the other logs averaging about 18 inches in thickness, all set firmly in the earth, each picket crowded closely against the other and all about ten feet high, sharpened at the top. The walls enclosed about one acre of ground. After Major Croghan took command July 15, 1813, he had a ditch dug six feet deep and nine feet wide around the outside, throwing about one-half of the earth against the foot of the pickets and graded down to the bottom of the ditch;



SPIEGEL GROVE.

the rest of the earth was thrown on the outer bank and the depth of the ditch thus increased.

Major Croghan had large logs placed on top of the wall of the fort, so adjusted that an inconsiderable weight would cause them to fall from their position and crush any who might be below.

When the British landed opposite Brady's Island they sent a flag of truce under Col. Elliott who was met by Ensign Shipp on the ridge where the parsonage of St. John's Lutheran Church (which was formerly the court house), now stands. This was eloquently described to me by Thomas L. Hawkins, the poet, preacher and orator.

A ravine ran up from the river north of the fort through Justice street across the pike in a southwestern direction near the court house,

the British brought their cannon up this ravine. They would load their cannon and then run them up out of the ravine and after discharging them, back them down again to reload out of range of the guns of the fort. The next ravine south of this ran up Croghan street, turning to the southwest at High street, thence northwest through the northwest corner of the Presbyterian church lot. This ravine formed the north boundary of the plateau or ridge on which Fort Stephenson was located and on which ridge ran the Harrison trail to the southwest up through Spiegel Grove and on to Fort Seneca. The next ravine south of this extended between Birchard avenue and Garrison street, one branch ran towards the Methodist church through the Dorr and McCulloch property. It was from this last named ravine that the British Grenadiers made a feint against Capt. Hunter's company just before Col. Shortt made his assault on the northwest corner of the fort.

Lieut. Col. Short and Lieut. J. G. Gordon, of the 41st Regt. were buried near the south entrance of the high school building.

RECEPTION AT SPIEGEL GROVE.

Following the exercises of the afternoon at Fort Stephenson, an informal reception was held at Spiegel Grove, to the out-of-town guests of the city and the citizens at large. Col. Webb C. Hayes, the prime mover of the whole celebration, Mr. and Mrs. Birchard A. Hayes and Mrs. Fanny Hayes Smith cordially received the guests on the great piazza, where the Vice-President, the Governor, the Governor's Staff and the staff and line officers of the Sixth Regiment were guests of honor. Great numbers of persons moved about through the beautiful grounds, enjoying the music by the Light Guard Band stationed in front of the house, the superb weather and the gay spectacle. The week having been observed as Old Home Week, many former residents of Fremont were at hand to renew old acquaintances and assist in doing the honors of the place to the crowds of strangers.

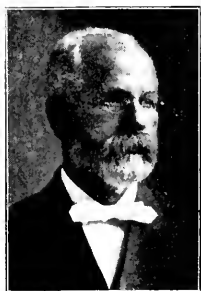
THE VENETIAN SPECTACLE.

With the falling of dusk the immense crowds commenced to assemble to witness the glories of as realistic a Venetian night as was possible to produce, following the plans originated by Dr. Stamm, who has several times viewed these spectacles in Venice.

The river banks between the L. E. & W. and State street bridges were thronged with crowds, while the special guests and those, by whose efforts the day was a success, occupied the guests' stand, built on the water just north of the bridge.

More than a hundred boats and launches, gaily decorated and illuminated, approached the reviewing stand, presenting a beautiful sight with their swaying colored lights on a background of dark sky,

emphasized by the hundreds of Japanese lanterns strung along either bank and in sweeping festoons across the big Lake Erie bridge. Near the bridge, and extending across the river, were seven of the largest boats in the river, bearing huge electric transparencies upon which appeared six-foot letters spelling the name Croghan, which was also seen in a set piece. The hit of the evening was the reproduction of Fort Stephenson on the southern extremity of Brady's Island.



DR. STAMM.

Old Betsy in life-size reproduction belched forth volleys of colored fireballs, accompanied with heavy detonations and clouds of smoke and the sharp reports of musketry and small arms, cleverly imitated with fireworks. At brief intervals the entire fort was beautifully illuminated with red fire, which brought out in striking relief the details of the stockade, Old Betsy, her men, the sally posts, etc.

The barge on board of which were the Light Guard band, the Maennerchor singers, Miss Reese, the vocalist of the evening, and the orchestra were moored near the Lake Erie bridge and strung with electric lights.

The fireworks, in charge of Chief Reiff, of the fire department, were magnificent and no accidents occurred. Especial praise is due Charles Hermon, the lamplighter, who superintended the illuminations. Commodore Coonrod's fleet as managed by Charles Grable, was a thing of beauty. The display occupied three hours and general satisfaction on the part of all was evident in their attention.

HARRISON'S NORTHWESTERN CAMPAIGN.

The best description extant of General Harrison's Northwestern Campaign is that contained in "A History of the Late War in the Western Country," by Robert B. McAfee, Lexington, Ky., 1816, a rare and valuable volume.

Major McAfee was himself an officer in that campaign, serving as a captain in the regiment of mounted riflemen commanded by Col. Richard M. Johnson.

In his Preface he acknowledges his indebtedness to Gen. Harrison, Governor Shelby, Colonels Croghan and Tod and Colonel Wood of the Engineers for official correspondence and assistance in procuring material and formation. The chapter relating to the Tippecanoe campaign in 1811 contains the following references to some of the Kentucky Volunteers:

"Colonel Keiger, who raised a small company of 79 men near Louisville, including among them Messrs. Croghan, O'Fallen, Shipp, Chum and Edwards, who afterward distinguished themselves as officers in the army of the United States."

Governor Shelby in his letters to the War Department speaks highly of Colonel Boyd and his brigade and of Clark and Croghan who were his aides.

Of the above, Croghan and Shipp fought together at the defense of Fort Stephenson. Shipp was the officer sent by Croghan to meet the flag of truce sent by General Proctor when the formal demand for the surrender of Fort Stephenson was made. O'Fallen was a cousin of Croghan and during the campaign was aide-de-camp to General Harrison. We copy from McAfee his account of the defense of Fort Stephenson and of Harrison's expedition to Canada and the victorious battle at the Thames. Also Colonel Croghan's subsequent campaign against the British at Mackinac in the joint army and naval expedition under the command of Commodore Sinclair.

"General Harrison had returned from Cleveland to Lower Sandusky (July, 1813) several days before the arrival of the enemy, and received at that place from the express the information that Camp Meigs was again invested. He then immediately removed his headquarters to Seneca town, about nine miles up the Sandusky river, where he constructed a fortified camp, having left Major Croghan with 160 regulars in Fort Stephenson and taken with him to Seneca about 140 more, under the immediate command of Colonel Wells. A few days afterward he was reinforced by the arrival of 300 regulars under Colonel Paul, and Colonel Ball's corps of 150 dragoons, which made his whole force at that place upwards of 600 strong. He was soon joined also by Generals McArthur and Cass; and Colonel Owings with a regiment of 500 regulars from Kentucky, was also advancing to the frontiers; but he did not arrive at headquarters before the siege of Fort Meigs had been abandoned by the enemy. * * *

The force which Proctor and Tecumseh brought against us in this instance has been ascertained to have been about 5,000 strong. A greater number of Indians were collected by them for this expedition than ever were assembled in one body on any other occasion during the whole war.

Having raised the siege of Camp Meigs, the British sailed round into Sandusky bay, whilst a competent number of their savage allies marched across through the swamps of Portage River, to co-operate in a combined attack at Lower Sandusky, expecting no doubt that General Harrison's attention would be chiefly directed to forts Winchester and Meigs. The General however had calculated on their taking this course, and had been careful to keep patrols down the bay, opposite the mouth of Portage River, where he supposed their forces would debark.

Several days before the British had invested Fort Meigs, General Harrison, with Major Croghan and some other officers, had examined the heights which surround Fort Stephenson; and as the hill on the opposite or southeast side of the river, was found to be the most commanding eminence, the General had some thoughts of removing the fort to that place, and Major Croghan declared his readiness to undertake the work.

But the General did not authorize him to do it, as he believed that if the enemy intended to invade our territory again, they would do it before the removal could be completed. It was then finally concluded, that the fort which was calculated for a garrison of only two hundred men, could not be defended against the heavy artillery of the enemy; and that if the British should approach it by water, which would cause a presumption that they had brought their heavy artillery, the fort must be abandoned and burned, provided a retreat could be effected with safety. In the orders left with Major Croghan it was stated,—“Should the British troops approach you in force with cannon, and you can discover them in time to effect a retreat, you will do so immediately, destroying all the public stores. * * * You must be aware that the attempt to retreat in the face of an Indian force would be vain. Against such an enemy your garrison would be safe, however great the number.”

On the evening of the 29th, Gen. Harrison received intelligence by express from Gen. Clay, that the enemy had abandoned the siege of Fort Meigs; and as the Indians on that day had swarmed in the woods round his camp, he entertained no doubt but an immediate attack was intended either on Sandusky or Seneca. He therefore immediately called a council of war, consisting of McArthur, Cass, Ball, Paul, Wood, Hukill, Holmes and Graham, who were unanimously of the opinion that Fort Stephenson was untenable against heavy artillery, and that as the enemy could bring with facility any quantity of battering cannon against it, by which it must inevitably fall, and as it was an unimportant post, containing nothing the loss of which would be felt by us, that the garrison should therefore not be reinforced but withdrawn and the place destroyed. In pursuance of this decision the General immediately despatched the following order to Major Croghan:

“Sir, immediately on receiving this letter, you will abandon Fort Stephenson, set fire to it and repair with your command this night to headquarters. Cross the river and come up on the opposite side. If you should deem and find it impracticable to make good your march to this place, take the road to Huron and pursue it with the utmost circumspection and despatch.”

This order was sent by Mr. Conner and two Indians, who lost their way in the dark and did not arrive at Fort Stephenson before 11 o'clock the next day. When Major Croghan received it, he could not then retreat with safety, as the Indians were hovering round the fort in considerable force. He called a council of his officers, a majority of whom coincided with him in opinion that a retreat would be unsafe, and that the post could be maintained against the enemy at least until further instructions could be received from headquarters. The major therefore immediately returned the following answer:

“Sir, I have received yours of yesterday, 10 o'clock P. M., ordering me to destroy this place and make good my retreat, which was received

too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place and by heavens we can."

In writing this note Major Croghan had a view to the probability of its falling into the hands of the enemy, and on that account made use of a stronger language than would otherwise have been consistent with propriety. It reached the General on the same day, who did not fully understand the circumstances and motives under which it had been dictated. The following order was therefore immediately prepared, and sent with Colonel Wells in the morning, escorted by Colonel Ball with his corps of dragoons.

"July 30, 1813.

"Sir. The General has received your letter of this date, informing him that you had thought proper to disobey the order issued from this office, and delivered to you this morning. It appears that the information which dictated the order was incorrect; and as you did not receive it in the night as was expected, it might have been proper that you should have reported the circumstance and your situation, before you proceeded to its execution. This might have been passed over, but I am directed to say to you, that an officer who presumes to aver that he has made his resolution and that he will act in direct opposition to the orders of his General can no longer be entrusted with a separate command. Colonel Wells is sent to relieve you. You will deliver the command to him and repair with Col. Ball's squadron to this place. By command etc.; A. H. Holmes, Asst. Adj. General."

The squadron of dragoons on this trip met with a party of Indians near Lower Sandusky and killed 11 out of 12. The Indians had formed an ambush and fired on the advance guard consisting of a sergeant and five privates. Upon seeing the squadron approach they fled, but were pursued and soon overtaken by the front squad of Captain Hopkins's troop. The greater part of them were cut down by Colonel Ball and Captain Hopkins with his subalterns, whose horses being the fleetest overtook them first. The loss on our part was two privates wounded and two horses killed.

Colonel Wells being left in the command of Fort Stephenson, Major Croghan returned with the squadron to headquarters. He there explained his motives for writing such a note, which were deemed satisfactory and having remained all night with the General who treated him politely, he was permitted to return to his command in the morning with written orders similar to those he had received before.

A reconnoitering party which had been sent from headquarters to the shore of the lake, about 20 miles distant from Fort Stephenson, discovered the approach of the enemy by water on the evening of the 31st of July. They returned by the fort, after 12 o'clock the next day, and had passed it but a few hours when the enemy made their appearance before it. The Indians showed themselves first on the hill over the river,

and were saluted by a 6-pounder, the only piece of artillery in the fort, which soon caused them to retire. In half an hour the British gun-boats came in sight; and the Indian forces displayed themselves in every direction, with a view to intercept the garrison should a retreat be attempted. The 6-pounder was fired a few times at the gun-boats, which was returned by the artillery of the enemy. A landing of their troops with a 5½-inch howitzer was effected about a mile below the fort; and Major Chambers accompanied by Dickson was despatched towards the fort with a flag, and was met on the part of Major Croghan by Ensign Shipp of the 17th Regiment. After the usual ceremonies Major Chambers observed to Ensign Shipp, that he was instructed by Gen. Proctor to demand the surrender of the fort, as he was anxious to spare the effusion of human blood, which he could not do, should he be under the necessity of reducing it by the powerful force of artillery, regulars and Indians under his command. Shipp replied that the commandant of the fort and its garrison were determined to defend it to the last extremity, that no force however great could induce them to surrender, as they were resolved to maintain their post or to bury themselves in its ruins. Dickson then said that their immense body of Indians could not be restrained from massacring the whole garrison in case of success—of which we have no doubt, rejoined Chambers, as we are amply prepared. Dickson then proceeded to remark that it was a pity so fine a young man should fall into the hands of the savages—sir, for God's sake surrender, and prevent the dreadful massacre that will be caused by your resistance. Mr. Shipp replied that when the fort was taken there would be none to massacre. It will not be given up while a man is able to resist. An Indian at this moment came out of an adjoining ravine and advancing to the Ensign took hold of his sword and attempted to wrest it from him. Dickson interfered, and having restrained the Indian, affected great anxiety to get him safe into the fort.

The enemy now opened their fire from their 6-pounders in the gun boats and the howitzer on shore, which they continued through the night with but little intermission and with very little effect. The forces of the enemy consisted of about 500 regulars, and about 800 Indians commanded by Dickson, the whole being commanded by Gen. Proctor in person. Tecumseh was stationed on the road to fort Meigs with a body of 2,000 Indians, expecting to intercept a reinforcement on that route.

Major Croghan through the evening occasionally fired his 6-pounder, at the same time changing its place occasionally to induce a belief that he had more than one piece. As it produced very little execution on the enemy, and he was desirous of saving his ammunition, he soon discontinued his fire. The enemy had directed their fire against the north-western angle of the fort which induced the commandant to believe that an attempt to storm his works would be made at that point. In the

night Captain Hunter was directed to remove the 6-pounder to a block-house from which it would rake that angle. By great industry and personal exertion, Captain Hunter soon accomplished this object in secrecy. The embrasure was masked, and the piece loaded with a half charge of powder and double charge of slugs and grape shot.

Early in the morning of the second, the enemy opened their fire from their howitzer, and three 6-pounders which they had landed in the night, and planted in a point of woods about 250 yards from the fort. In the evening, about 4 o'clock, they concentrated the fire of all their guns on the northwest angle, which convinced Major Croghan that they would endeavor to make a breach and storm the works at that point: he therefore immediately had that place strengthened as much as possible with bags of flour and sand, which were so effectual that the picketing in that place sustained no material injury. Sergeant Weaver with five or six gentlemen of the Petersburg Volunteers and Pittsburgh Blues, who happened to be in the fort, was entrusted with the management of the 6-pounder.

Late in the evening when the smoke of the firing had completely enveloped the fort, the enemy proceeded to make the assault. Two feints were made towards the southern angle, where Captain Hunter's lines were formed; and at the same time a column of 350 men were discovered advancing through the smoke, within 20 paces of the north-western angle. A heavy galling fire of musketry was now opened upon them from the fort which threw them into some confusion. Colonel Shortt who headed the principal column soon rallied his men and led them with great bravery to the brink of the ditch. After a momentary pause he leaped into the ditch, calling to his men to follow him, and in a few minutes it was full. The masked porthole was now opened, and the 6-pounder, at a distance of 30 feet, poured such destruction upon them that but few who had entered the ditch were fortunate enough to escape. A precipitate and confused retreat was the immediate consequence, although some of the officers attempted to rally their men. The other column which was led by Colonel Warburton and Major Chambers, was also routed in confusion by a destructive fire from the line commanded by Captain Hunter. The whole of them fled into the adjoining wood, beyond the reach of our small arms. During the assault, which lasted half an hour, the enemy kept up an incessant fire from their howitzer and five 6-pounders. They left Colonel Shortt, a lieutenant and 25 privates dead in the ditch; and the total number of prisoners taken was 26, most of them badly wounded. Major Muir was knocked down in the ditch, and lay among the dead, till the darkness of the night enabled him to escape in safety. The loss of the garrison was one killed and 7 slightly wounded. The total loss of the enemy could not be less than 150 killed and wounded.

When night came on, which was soon after the assault, the wounded in the ditch were in a desperate situation. Complete relief could not be

brought to them by either side with any degree of safety. Major Croghan however relieved them as much as possible—he contrived to convey them water over the picketting in buckets, and a ditch was opened under the pickets through which those who were able and willing were encouraged to crawl into the fort. All who were able preferred of course to follow their defeated comrades, and many others were carried from the vicinity of the fort by the Indians, particularly their own killed and wounded; and in the night about 3 o'clock the whole British and Indian force commenced a disorderly retreat. So great was their precipitation, that they left a sail boat containing some clothing and a considerable quantity of military stores; and on the next day 70 stand of arms and some braces of pistols were picked up round the fort. Their hurry and confusion was caused by the apprehension of an attack from Gen. Harrison, of whose position and force they had probably received an exaggerated account.

It was the intention of Gen. Harrison, should the enemy succeed against Fort Stephenson, or should they endeavor to turn his left and fall back on Upper Sandusky, to leave his camp at Seneca and fall back for the protection of that place. But he discovered by the firing on the evening of the 1st inst that the enemy had nothing but light artillery, which could make no impression on the fort; and he knew that an attempt to storm it without making a breach could be successfully repelled by the garrison; he therefore determined to wait for the arrival of 250 mounted volunteers under Rennick, being the advance of 700 who were approaching by the way of Upper Sandusky, and then to march against the enemy and raise the siege, if their force was not still too great for his. On the 2d inst. he sent several scouts to ascertain their situation and force; but the woods were so infested with Indians that none of them could proceed sufficiently near the fort to make the necessary discoveries. In the night a messenger arrived at headquarters with intelligence that the enemy were preparing to retreat. About 9 o'clock Major Croghan had ascertained from their collecting about their boats that they were preparing to embark, and immediately sent an express to the commander-in-chief with this information. The general now determined to wait no longer for reinforcements, and immediately set out with the dragoons, with which he reached the fort early in the morning, having ordered Generals McArthur and Cass, who had arrived at Seneca several days before, to follow him with all disposable infantry at that place, and which at this time was about 700 men, after the numerous sick, and the force necessary to maintain the position were left behind. Finding that the enemy had fled entirely from the fort so as not to be reached by him, and learning that Tecumseh was somewhere in the direction of Fort Meigs with 2,000 warriors, he immediately ordered the infantry to fall back to Seneca, lest Tecumseh should make an attack on that place, or intercept the small reinforcements advancing from the Ohio.

In his official report of this affair, General Harrison observes that, "It will not be among the least of Gen. Proctor's mortifications to find that he has been baffled by a youth who has just passed his twenty-first year. He is, however, a hero worthy of his gallant uncle, Gen. George R. Clarke."

"Captain Hunter, of the 17th Regiment, the second in command, conducted himself with great propriety; and never was there a set of finer young fellows than the subalterns, viz., Lieutenants Johnson and Baylor, of the 17th; Anthony, of the 24th; Meeks, of the 7th, and Ensigns Shipp and Duncan of the 17th."

Lieutenant Anderson, of the 24th, was also mentioned for his good conduct. Being without a command, he solicited Major Croghan for a musket, and a post to fight at, which he did with the greatest bravery.

"Too much praise," says Major Croghan, "cannot be bestowed on the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates under my command for their gallantry and good conduct during the siege."

The brevet rank of Lieutenant Colonel was immediately conferred on Major Croghan by the president of the United States for his gallant conduct on this occasion. The ladies of Chillicothe also presented him an elegant sword accompanied by a suitable address.

On the 9th of August, at Lower Sandusky, a British boat was discovered coming up the river with a flag. When it landed below the fort, Captain Hunter was sent to meet the commander, who proved to be Lieut. LeBreton, accompanied by Doctor Banner, with a letter from Gen. Proctor to the commandant at Lower Sandusky, their object being to ascertain the situation of the British wounded and afford them surgical aid. Captain Hunter invited them to the fort. Le Breton seemed to hesitate, as if he expected first to be blind-folded, as usual in such cases; but Captain Hunter told him to come on, that there was nothing in the fort which there was any reason to conceal; and when he introduced him to Major Croghan as the commandant of the fort, he appeared to be astonished at the youthful appearance of the hero, who had defeated the combined forces of his master.

As the letter of General Proctor also contained a proposition for the paroling of those prisoners who might be in a condition to be removed, the flag was sent by Major Croghan to headquarters at Seneca. Gen. Harrison replied to the letter of Proctor, that "Major Croghan, conformably to those principles which are held sacred in the American army, had caused all possible care to be taken of the wounded prisoners that his situation would admit—that every aid which surgical skill could give was afforded," and that he had already referred the disposal of the prisoners to his government and must wait for their determination. Dr. Banner in the meantime had examined the situation of the wounded, and was highly gratified with the humane treatment they had received. He informed Major Croghan that the Indians were highly incensed at the

failure of the late expedition and were kept together with the utmost difficulty.

* * *

[Governor Shelby.]

HEADQUARTERS, SENECA, 12 Sept., 1813.

"You will find arms at Upper Sandusky; also a considerable quantity at Lower Sandusky. I set out from this place in an hour. Our fleet has beyond all doubt met that of the enemy. The day before yesterday an incessant and tremendous cannonading was heard in the direction of Malden by a detachment of troops coming from Fort Meigs. It lasted two hours. I am all anxiety for the result. There will be no occasion for your halting here. Lower Sandusky affords fine grazing. With respect to a station for your horses, there is the best in the world immediately at the place of embarkation. The Sandusky Bay, Lake Erie, and Portage river form between them a peninsula, the isthmus of which is only a mile and a half across. A fence of that length, and a sufficient guard left there, would make all the horses of the army safe. It would enclose fifty or sixty thousand acres, in which are many cultivated fields, which have been abandoned are now grown up with the finest grass. Your sick had better be left at Upper Sandusky or here.

HARRISON."

Within half an hour after the above letter was written, the general received the following laconic note from the commodore, by express from Lower Sandusky:

"U. S. BRIG NIAGARA, OFF THE WESTER SISTER, ETC.,

September 10, 1813.

"DEAR GENERAL—We have met the enemy and they are ours—two ships, two brigs, one schooner and a sloop.

"Yours with great respect and esteem,

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY."

The exhilarating news set Lower Sandusky and camp Seneca in an uproar of tumultuous joy. The general immediately proceeded to the former place, and issued his orders for the movement of the troops, and transportation of the provisions, military stores, etc., to the margin of the lake, preparatory to their embarkation.

In bringing down the military stores and provisions from the posts on the Sandusky river, to the vessels in the lake, a short land carriage became necessary to expedite the embarkation. The peninsula formed by the Sandusky Bay on the right and by the Portage river and Lake Erie on the left, extending between fifteen and twenty miles from the anchorage of the shipping in the mouth of the Portage; at which place the isthmus on which the army was encamped was less than two miles

across from one river to the other. The boats in going round the peninsula to the shipping, would have to travel upward of forty miles, and to be exposed to the dangers of the lake navigation. It was therefore deemed the most safe and expeditious to transport the stores and drag the boats across the isthmus, which was accomplished between the 15th and 20th of the month, whilst the army was detained in making other necessary arrangements.

The Kentucky troops were encamped across the narrowest part of the isthmus, above the place of embarkation; and each regiment was ordered to construct a strong fence of brush and fallen timber in front of its encampment, which extended when finished, from Portage River to Sandusky River. Within this enclosure their horses were turned loose to graze on ample pastures of excellent grass. The preparations for the expedition being nearly completed, it became necessary to detail a guard to be left for the protection of the horses. The commandants of regiments were ordered by the governor to detach one-twentieth part of their commands for this service; and Colonel Christopher Rife was designated as their commander. In furnishing the men, many of the colonels had to resort to a draft, as volunteers to stay on this side the lake could not be obtained.

On the 20th, Gen. Harrison embarked with the regular troops under Generals McArthur and Cass, and arrived the same day at Put-in-Bay in Bass Island, and about 10 miles distant from the point of embarkation. Next morning the governor (Shelby) sailed with a part of his troops, having ordered Major General Desha to remain at Portage and bring up the rear, which he performed with great alacrity and vigilance. On that and the succeeding day all the militia arrived at Bass Island. Colonel Rife was left in command at Portage, with Doctor Maguffin as his surgeon. The whole army remained on Bass Island on the 24th, waiting for the arrival of all necessary stores and provisions at that place.

On the 25th, the whole army moved to the Middle Sister, a small island containing about five or six acres of ground, which was now crowded with men, having about 4,500 upon it. Whilst the transport vessels were bringing up the military stores and provisions on the 26th, Gen. Harrison sailed with Commodore Perry in the *Ariel* to reconnoitre off Malden, and ascertain a suitable point on the lake shore for the debarkation of his troops.

On Monday the 27th, the whole army was embarked early in the day, and set sail from the Middle Sister for the Canada shore, Gen. Harrison having previously circulated a general order among the troops in which he exhorted them to remember the fame of their ancestors and the justice of the cause in which they were engaged.

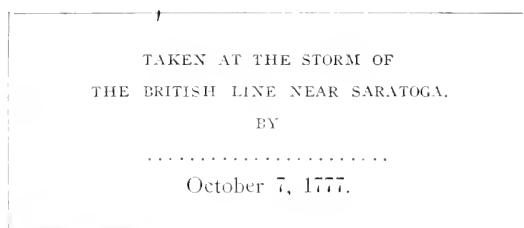
Soon after the British force had surrendered and it was discovered that the Indians were yielding on the left, Gen. Harrison ordered

Major Payne to pursue Gen. Proctor with a part of his battalion. * * * But Proctor was not to be taken. His guilty conscience had told him that his only chance for safety from the vengeance of those whose countrymen he had murdered lay in the celerity of his flight. The pursuers, however, at last pressed him so closely that he was obliged to abandon the road, and his carriage and sword were captured by the gallant Major Wood.—Six pieces of brass artillery were taken, three of which had been captured in the Revolution at Saratoga and York, and surrendered again by Hull in Detroit."

Lieut.-Colonel Eleazer Wood was one of the first graduates of the military academy at West Point, 1806, and was a distinguished engineer. In 1812 he built the fort at Lower Sandusky, which was later named after Col. Stephenson, and was so gallantly defended by Major George Croghan on the 2d of August, 1813. He was also the engineer who planned Fort Meigs in 1813, and participated most gallantly in its siege and also in the Battle of the Thames. He was killed September 17, 1814.

Proctor's carriage, captured by Major Wood, was brought to Lower Sandusky, and for many years was shown upon all public occasions as one of the trophies of the war, second in interest only to "Old Betsy."

One of the "six pieces of brass artillery" referred to above, is now one of the most cherished relics in the museum on Fort Stephenson. It is a handsome brass piece, evidently a French gun originally, as it has near its muzzle the royal cipher of King Louis of France. It was presented to King George of England, or was captured by him, and has the monogram G. R., with the crown, near its base. It was captured from the British under Burgoyne at Saratoga, and in common with other trophies was elaborately inscribed:



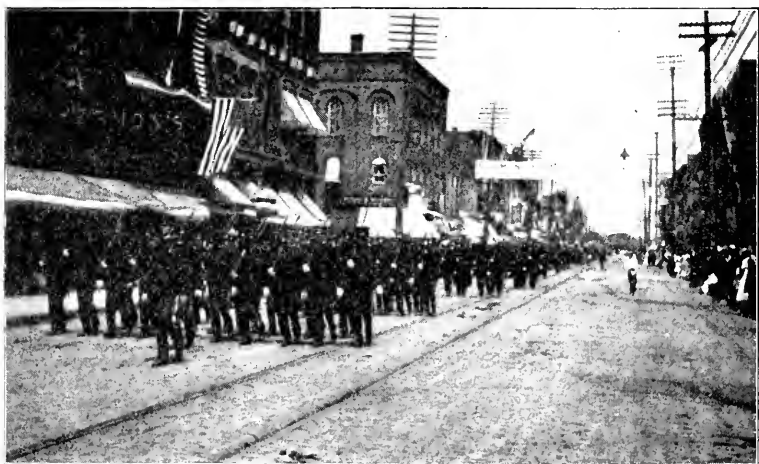
After Benedict Arnold turned traitor at West Point, his name was carefully erased from all trophies. This gun was one of the number so ignominiously surrendered at Detroit by Gen. Hull, August 16, 1812, to the British Major General Brock. After being captured for the second time from the British under Proctor, by the Americans under Gen. Harrison at the Battle of the Thames, October 5, 1813, it was retired from active service and has now for more than twenty-five years been an object of the greatest interest in the museum on the site of old Fort Stephenson.

McAfee's History continues: In April, 1814, Colonel Butler obtained leave to return to Kentucky, and the command of Detroit devolved on Lieut.-Col. Croghan, Commodore Sinclair, who succeeded Commodore Perry as the naval commander on the lakes, had received orders to conduct a military and naval expedition against the British on Lake Huron.

About the time these instructions were communicated to the Commodore, the secretary of war thought proper to send a corresponding order directly to Major Holmes, entirely passing by Col. Croghan, the commandant at Detroit, and merely notifying Gen. Harrison, the commander of the district, through whom the arrangements for the expedition should have been made. This course of the secretary was a violation not only of military etiquette, but also of the most important military principles, which require that the commander of a district, or of a separate post, especially when situated on a distant frontier, should have the supreme direction of minor matters within the sphere of his command. The interference of the government in such matters must inevitably derange his plans, and produce confusion and disaster in the service. The general should be furnished with the object and outlines of the campaign or expedition and with the necessary supplies of men, money and munitions for accomplishing that object; and then be made responsible for their proper management. But the secretary in this instance issued his orders to Major Holmes under the nose of his colonel, whereby the rank and authority of the latter were superseded, and the resources of his post were to be clandestinely withdrawn from his power. This was highly resented by Colonel Croghan, who communicated his sentiments on this subject without reserve to Commodore Sinclair and Gen. Harrison. He assured the Commodore that he had already taken every means to reconnoitre the upper lakes and the country with a view to obtaining such information as he requested, and that he would be happy to co-operate and assist him in the enterprise, but could not pledge himself in the present state of his resources to furnish any important assistance. To the general he wrote: "Major Holmes has been notified by the war department that he is chosen to command the land troops, which are intended to co-operate with the fleet, against the enemy's forces on the upper lakes. So soon as I may be directed by you to order Major Holmes on that command, and to furnish him with the necessary troops, I shall do so, but not till then shall he or any other part of my force leave the *sod*."—*Croghan*.

In answer to a second letter from the commodore, written in the latter part of May, he proceeds: "I much fear, sir, that in your expectation of being joined at this place by a battalion or corps of regulars under Major Holmes, you will be disappointed. Major Holmes, it is true, has been notified by the war department that he is selected to command the land troops on the expedition up the lakes. But this no-

tification, even did it amount to a positive order to the major, could not be considered as an order to me; nor can I deem it in itself sufficient to justify me in weakening the present reduced strength of my command. My objection to co-operate with you at this time is not, I assure you, moved by anything like chagrin at this departure from military etiquette, but is bottomed on a thorough conviction that nothing less than a positive order could justify or excuse my detaching a part of the small force under my command from the immediate defence of this frontier. I agree with you that the promised force under Major Holmes appears too weak to effect the desired end. I cannot speak positively on the subject, as my knowledge even of the geographical situation of the country is but limited; yet my belief is, that if resistance be made at all,



SCENE IN PARADE.

it will prove too stout for 1,000 men. The position of Mackinaw is a strong one, and should the enemy have determined on holding it, he has had time enough to throw in reinforcements. The Engages in the employ of the N. W. Co., generally get down to Mackinaw from their wintering grounds, about the last of May in every year. Will these hardy fellows, whose force exceeds 1,000, be permitted to be idle? Will it not be the interest of the N. W. Co. to exert all its means in the defence of those posts in which it is so immediately concerned? I send you a few queries on the subject, with the answers as given by an intelligent gentleman, formerly an agent to the N. W. Co., and well acquainted with the geographical situation of that country. Every arrangement is made for securing the entrance into Lake Huron. I am under no solicitude about the passage up the strait."—*Croghan*.

Although the colonel appears to consider the order to Holmes as a mere notification of his appointment, yet it was certainly intended by the secretary to be sufficiently positive and ample to put the expedition in motion, without any other communication from the war department, except the instructions to the Commodore. Soon after the above was written, the Colonel addressed another letter to Gen. Harrison, from which the following is an extract: "I know not how to account for the Secretary of War assuming to himself the right of designating Major Holmes for this command to Mackinaw. My ideas on the subject may not be correct, yet for the sake of the principle were I a general commanding a district, I would be very far from suffering the Secretary of War, or any other authority, to interfere with my internal police.

"I have not yet been able, even by three attempts, to ascertain whether the enemy is building boats at Mackedash (Gloucester Bay). None of my spies would venture far enough, being either frightened at the view of Lake Huron, or alarmed at the probability of meeting hostile Indians."—*Croghan*.

This letter was written in the latter part of May. Gen. Harrison, actuated by similar sentiments, had already resigned his commission of Major General in the army, which he had received about the time his appointment in the Kentucky militia had expired. He believed that the Secretary of War disliked him, and had intentionally encroached on the prerogatives of his rank to insult him, by corresponding with the officers under his command, and giving them orders direct which ought at least to have been communicated indirectly through the commander-in-chief of the district. He had remonstrated in a spirited manner against this interference, and finding it again renewed in the present case, he resigned his commission by the following letters to the Secretary and President:

"HEADQUARTERS, CINCINNATI, 11th May, 1814

"SIR, I have the honor through you to request the President to accept my resignation of the appointment of major general in the army with which he has honored me.

"Lest the public service should suffer, before a successor can be nominated, I shall continue to act until the 31st inst., by which time I hope to be relieved.

"Having some reasons to believe that the most malicious insinuations have been made against me in Washington, it was my intention to have requested an inquiry into my conduct, from the commencement of my command. Further reflection has however determined me to decline the application—because from the proud consciousness of having palpably done my duty, I cannot believe that it is necessary either for the satisfaction of the government or the people, that I should pay so much respect to the suggestions of malice and envy.

"It is necessary, however, that I should assure you, sir, that I sub-

scribe implicitly to the opinion that military officers are responsible for their conduct, and amenable to the decisions of a court martial after they have left the service, for any improper act committed in it.

"The principle was established in England, in the case of Lord George Sackville after the battle of Minden; it was known and recognized by all the ancient republics; and is particularly applicable I think to a government like ours. I therefore pledge myself to answer before a court martial at any future period, to any charge which may be brought against me.

"I have the honor, etc.,

"The Hon. J. Armstrong, etc."

"HARRISON.

OLD BETSY.

Fort Stephenson is unique in retaining its original area, armament and the body of its Defender. Armament is an imposing name for the one six-



"OLD BETSY."

pond cannon, affectionately called "Old Betsy" which was Croghan's single piece of artillery. Betsy was old even ninety-three years ago, being a naval cannon captured from the French in the French and Indian wars of 1756-63.

Our first knowledge of the gun is upon the occasion of the first 4th of July celebration ever held in this place,

which occurred in 1813. On the 3d, a mounted regiment under Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, "the man who killed Tecumseh" and the future vice president, marched from Fort Meigs to Lower Sandusky to recruit their horses here. "The Fourth was celebrated," says McAfee's *History of the Late War*, "by the garrison and mounted men together, in great harmony and enthusiasm. Colonel Johnson delivered an appropriate address: and a number of toasts, breathing sentiments of the republican soldier were drunk, cheered by the shouts of the men and the firing of small arms and the discharge of a six-pounder from the fort."

Major McAfee, in his *History of the Late War*, says: "A.

reconnoitering party which had been sent from headquarters to the shore of the lake, about twenty miles distant from Fort Stephenson, discovered the approach of the enemy by water on the evening of the 31st of July. They returned by the fort, after twelve o'clock the next day, and had passed it but a few hours, when the enemy made their appearance before it. The Indians showed themselves first on the hill over the river, and were saluted by a six-pounder, the only piece of artillery in the fort, which soon caused them to retire. In half an hour the British gun-boats came in sight; and the Indian forces displayed themselves in every direction with a view to intercept the garrison should a retreat be attempted. The six-pounder was fired a few times at the gun-boats, which was returned by the artillery of the enemy."

McAfee further says: "Sergeant Weaver with five or six gentlemen of the Petersburg Volunteers and Pittsburg Blues, who happened to be in the fort, was entrusted with the management of the six-pounder."

On the first and second days of the following month "Old Betsy" lifted her voice in deadly earnest. How she was shifted from place to place in the fort to convey the impression that the defenders had several guns; how she was finally hoisted into the blockhouse and stationed behind a masked port hole and at the psychological moment "raked the ditch" with a double charge of leaden slugs; and the appalling fatal effect—these facts have been related in preceding pages.

General Harrison winds up his official report to the Secretary of War, August 4, 1813, as follows:

"A young gentleman, a private in the Petersburg Volunteers, of the name of Brown, assisted by five or six of that company and the Pittsburg Blues who were accidentally in the fort, managed the six-pounder, which produced such destruction in the ranks of the enemy." The private Brown referred to was so severely burned by the frequent explosions of powder in the priming of Old Betsy, that his condition was graphically described by the last survivor of the Petersburg Volunteers, Reuben Clements, in 1879, who also said that he was quite positive that

Brown was the only member of the Petersburg Volunteers present during the engagement.

A roster of the Greensburg Riflemen has been furnished by Richard Coulter, jr., a grandnephew of Major John B. Alexander, who commanded an independent battalion of U. S. twelve-month Volunteers, consisting of the Pittsburg Blues, Capt. James R. Butler; the Petersburg Volunteers, Capt. Robert McRae; the Greensburg Riflemen, Lieut. Peter Drum, vice Alexander, promoted Major. The roster of the Greensburg Riflemen contains the name of Abraham Weaver as a private in 1812, who was the Sergeant Weaver in charge of the firing squad of Old Betsy, and who returned to Greensburg, where he died in 1846.

After the war in which the gun did such valiant service it was removed to the Pittsburg arsenal. Later Congress ordered its return to Lower Sandusky. The ingenious Thomas L. Hawkins, commissary officer at Fort Stephenson during the campaign, identified the gun in Pittsburg, recognizing it by the scar on its breach which he believed was made by a cannon ball while in action, during the old French and Indian war. Owing to the duplication of the name Sandusky the cannon was sent to Sandusky City, which for many years after the battle was called Ogontz's Place, and later Portland, and of course had no claim to the gun. The authorities there tried to keep it, and for better concealment buried it under a barn. Mayor B. J. Bartlett, of Lower Sandusky, traced the gun and sent men and a wagon to bring it home. This home-coming of Old Betsy was just prior to the 2d of August celebration of 1852, when the Tiffin fire department came down to join in the festivities. William H. Gibson, clad in the red shirt and white trousers of the fire brigade uniform, delivered the stirring address of the day, in the woods back of the Rawson house on State street.

"Old Betsy" is frequently mentioned in press notices of former years. The *Fremont Journal* of September 12, 1856, says:

"On the 10th, about one hundred and fifty Republicans of Fremont took passage on the Island Queen for Sandusky to join in the mass gatherings of Freemen. We were accompanied by "Old Betsy." It talked some, and had many admirers, and with the Fremont delegation was received by the thousands with

three tremendous cheers. The day was a glorious one for the cause of freedom." This of course foreshadows the civil war.

"Who used Old Betsy last?" asks the *Journal* of January 23, 1857. "It has been standing in the street for several weeks now. Captain Parrish should see to this old servant."

In a long article on the celebration of August 2, 1860, the *Journal* says: "At 6 o'clock Captain Parrish brought out 'Old Betsy' and fired a salute of thirteen rounds. Soon after the people of the county began to pour in. Cassius M. Clay was the orator of the day." At the celebration of 1852 Thomas L. Hawkins, a well-known Methodist preacher and the town poet, who had been appointed commissary of the fort after the battle of Fort Stephenson, read a poem addressed to the old six-pounder, apostrophizing her as Betsy Croghan, a name by which she is frequently called. This poem is printed below. In another poem on Croghan's victory, Mr. Hawkins calls her "Our Bess," while tradition has it that the garrison called her "Good Bess." But "Old Betsy" she is now and ever will be in local and national parlance. Little children play about her, the birds often build their nests in her mouth, visitors pass curious hands over her breech, and young reporters take her photograph and write "story" about her. After all she is the only one left who saw our hero in battle, who heard the quick orders of those two days' fight, who faced the oncoming veterans of Wellington's troops and settled it that they should rest thereafter in Lower Sandusky soil.

"Old Betsy's" voice will probably never be heard again, but as she stands her silent guard over the remains of George Croghan, on the scene of their great victory, she "yet speaketh."

"OLD BETSY."

THOMAS L. HAWKINS.

Hail! thou old friend, of Fort McGee
Little did I expect again to see,
And hear thy voice of victory,
Thou defender of Ohio'

I wonder who it was that sought thee,
To victory's ground again hath brought thee.
From strangers' hands at length hath caught thee;
He is a friend to great Ohio!

He is surely worthy of applause,
To undertake so good a cause,
Although a pleader of her laws,
And statutes of Ohio.

What shame thy blockhouse is not standing,
Thy pickets as at first commanding,
Protecting Sandusky's noble landing,
The frontier of Ohio!

Thy pickets, alas! are all unrequited,
No faithful sentinel on guard,
Nor band of soldiers well prepared,
Defending great Ohio.

Where have the upthrown ditches gone,
By British cannon rudely torn?
Alas! with grass they are overgrown,
Neglected by Ohio.

O tell me where thy chieftains all —
Croghan, Dudley, Miller, Ball,
Some of whom I know did fall
In defending of Ohio.

Canst thou not tell how Proctor swore,
When up yon matted turf he tore,
Which shielded us from guns a score,
He poured upon Ohio?

And how Tecumseh lay behind you;
With vain attempts he tried to blind you,
And unprepared, he'd find you,
And lead you from Ohio.

Perhaps like Hamlet's ghost, you've come,
This day to celebrate the fame
Of Croghan's honored, worthy name,
The hero of Ohio.

I greet thee! Thou art just in time
To tell of victory most sublime,
Though told in unconnected rhyme;
Thou art welcome in Ohio.

But since thou canst thyself speak well,
Now let thy thundering voice tell
What bloody carnage then befell
The foes of great Ohio.
(And then she thundered loud.)

PROCTOR'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF FORT STEPHENSON.

The following letter, recently unearthed by Col. Webb C. Hayes in the Canadian Archives at Ottawa, is most interesting as giving General Proctor's own account of the battle in which he was so badly worsted. It is addressed to Sir George Provist, Lient. General, at Kingston, and reads:

"SIR: It being absolutely requisite for several urgent reasons that my Indian force should not remain unemployed, and being well aware that it would not be movable except accompanied by a regular force, I resolved, notwithstanding the smallness of that force to move and where we might be fed at the expense of the enemy. I had, however, the mortification to find that instead of the Indian force being a disposable one, or under my direction, our movements would be subject to the caprices and prejudices of the Indian body to a degree in which my regular force was disproportionate to their numbers. For several weeks after the arrival of Mr. R. Dickson, his Indians were restrainable and tractable to a degree that I could not have conceived possible. I am sorry to add that they have been contaminated by the other Indians.



MAJOR CROGHAN.

I was, very contrary to my judgment, necessitated to go to the Miami, in the vicinity of the enemy's fort, where I remained a few days in the hope that General Harrison might come to the relief of the fort which was invested in the Indian mode, when finding that the Indians were returning to Detroit and Amherstberg I moved to Lower Sandusky where, however, we could not muster more hundreds of Indians than I might reasonably have expected thousands. The neighborhood of Sandusky, and the settlement on the Huron river, eight miles below it, could have afforded cattle sufficient to have fed my whole Indian force for some time, had they been induced to accompany us. Sandusky is

nearly fifty miles by water from Lake Erie and nearly forty miles from several points whence strong reinforcements might be expected; I could not therefore with my very small force remain more than two days, from the probability of being cut off and of being deserted by the few Indians who had not already done so.

The fort at Sandusky is composed of blockhouses connected by picketing which they flank, and is calculated for a garrison of five or six hundred men. On viewing the fort I formed an opinion entirely different from any person under my command. The general idea being that that garrison did not exceed fifty men, and that the fort could be easily carried by assault. On the morning of the 2d inst. the gentlemen of the Indian Department, who have the direction of it, declared formally their decided opinion that unless the fort was stormed we should never be able to bring an Indian warrior into the field with us, and that they proposed and were ready to storm one fan of the fort, if we would attempt another. I have also to observe that in this instance my judgment had not that weight with the troops I hope I might reasonably have expected. If I had withdrawn without having permitted the assault, as my judgment certainly dictated, much satisfaction would have followed me and I could scarcely have reconciled to myself to have continued to direct their movements. I thus with all the responsibility resting on me was obliged to yield to circumstances I could not possibly have prevented. The troops, after the artillery had been used for some hours, attacked two fans, and impossibilities being attempted, failed. The fort, from which the severest fire I ever saw was maintained during the attack, was well defended. The troops displayed the greatest bravery, the much greater part of whom reached the fort and made every effort to enter; but the Indians who had proposed the assault and had it not been assented to would have ever stigmatized the British character, scarcely came into fire, before they ran off out of its reach. A more than adequate sacrifice having been made to Indian opinion, I drew off the brave assailants who had been carried away by a high sense of honor to urge too strongly the attack. I enclose a disembarkation return to show how small my disposable force was. The enemy had a six-pounder and a smaller one in the fort. I also enclose a return of the killed, wounded and missing. Our loss though severe and much to be regretted, is less, everything considered, than could have been expected. You will perceive that the Indian force is seldom a disposable one, never to be relied on in hour of need, and only to be found useful in proportion as we are independent of it. Ten Indians were surprised on a plain near Sandusky and were cut to pieces. The Indians have always had a dread of cavalry of which the enemy have a considerable number. A troop of the 19th would be of the greatest service here in the confidence they would give to our mounted Indians. I have experienced much deficiency in my artillery, another officer at least is absolutely requisite, and one of

science and experience. The enemy's defences are composed of wood; if we knew how to burn them as they did ours at Fort George, Mr. Harrison's army must have been destroyed long since. The enemy's vessels are out of Presqueisle Harbor, and so decidedly stronger than ours that Captain Barclay has been necessitated to return to Amherstburg, and with all haste to get the new vessel ready for sea, where she will be in eight or ten days at furthest, and then only wants hands.

Whatever may happen to be regretted may be fairly attributed to the delays in sending here the force your Excellency directed should be sent. Had it been sent at once, it could have been used to the greatest advantage, but it arrived in such small portions and with such delays that the opportunities have been lost. The enemy are in great numbers at Presqueisle and have been already reinforced at Fort Meigs. Gen. Harrison's headquarters are near Lower Sandusky where he arrived on the 3d inst. I must now look for the enemy from two quarters and will have to meet them with my small force divided, for the Indians will make no stand without us. You will probably hear of the enemy's landing shortly at Long Point, where they may gain the rear of the Center Division and also affect my supplies. An hundred and fifty sailors would have effectually obviated this evil. I apprehend the enemy's rapid advance to the River Raisin in force, and establishing himself there, which he can do surprisingly soon. If I had the means I would establish a post at that river, but not having two or three hundred men to send there it is not in my power. I must entreat your Excellency to send me more troops, even the 2d Battalion of the 41st Regt., though weak, would be extremely acceptable. If the enemy should be able to establish themselves in the Territory it will operate strongly against us with our Indian allies. Your Excellency may rely on my best endeavors, but I rely on the troops alone, and they are but few and I am necessitated to man the vessels with them. I have never desponded, nor do I now, but I conceive it my duty to state to your Excellency the inadequateness of my force.

I have the honor to be with much respect, etc.,

HENRY PROCTOR,
Brigadier General Commanding.

The British War Office contains the following brief records of the attack on Fort Stephenson, as mentioned in the colonial correspondence of that time.

"HEADQUARTERS, KINGSTON, UPPER CANADA, Aug. 1, 1813.

"My Lord — The arrival of Mr. Dickson from the mission with 2,000 Indian warriors, has enabled me to resume offensive operations with the left division of the Upper Canada army under the command of Brig. Gen. Proctor. Maj. Gen. Harrison having shown some of his cavalry

and riflemen in the Michigan territory, a forward movement has been made by the Indian warriors, upon Sandusky, from whence they will unite with Tecumseh's band of warriors, employed in investing Fort Meigs.—George Provost." Also:

"St. Davids, Niagara Frontier, Aug. 25, 1813. Maj. Gen. Proctor having given way to the clamor of our Indian Allies to act offensively moved forward on the 20th ult. with about 350 of the 41st regiment and between 3,000 and 4,000 Indians and on the 2nd inst. attempted to carry by assault the block houses and works at Sandusky where the enemy had concentrated a considerable force.

He however soon experienced the timidity of the Indians when exposed to the fire of musketry and cannon in an open country and how little dependence could be placed on their numbers. Previous to the assault they could scarcely muster as many hundreds as they had before thousands, and as soon as it had commenced they withdrew themselves out of the reach of the enemy's fire. They are never a disposable force.

The handful of his Majesty's troops employed on this occasion displayed the greatest bravery; nearly the whole of them having reached the fort and made every effort to enter it; but a galling and destructive fire being kept up by the enemy from within the block houses and from behind the picketing which completely protected them and which we had not the means to force, the Major General thought it most prudent not to continue longer so unavailing a combat; he accordingly drew off the assailants and returned to Sandwich with the loss of 25 killed, as many missing and about 40 wounded. Amongst the killed are Brevet Lieut. Col. Shortt and Lieut. J. G. Gordon of the 41st Regt."

"The Military Occurrences of the War of 1812," by William James, an English publication of the time, contains the following story of General Proctor's campaign against Fort Stephenson on the Sandusky, which is a typical British account, showing the writer's patriotic bias:

"The American headquarters were at Seneca-town, near to Sandusky Bay on Lake Erie. Fort Meigs, already so strong, had its works placed in a still more vigorous state of defence; and a fort had since been constructed on the west side of Sandusky river, about 40 miles from its mouth, and 10 from the general's headquarters. It stood on a rising ground, commanding the river to the east; having a plain to the north and south, and a wood to the west. The body of the fort was about 100 yards in length and 50 in breadth, surrounded outside of all by a row of strong pickets, 12 feet over ground; each picket armed at top with a bayonet. Next to and against this formidable picket was an embankment, forming the side of a dry ditch, 12 feet wide, by seven feet deep; then a second embankment or glacis. A strong bastion and two blockhouses completely enfiladed the ditch. Within the fort were the hospital, military and commissary store-houses, magazines, etc. As far as we can collect from the American accounts, the fort mounted but one 6-pounder; and that in a masked battery at the northwestern angle. The

number of troops composing the garrison cannot exactly be ascertained. One American account states that the *effective* force did not amount to 160 men, or rank and file.

"Major General Proctor when he landed near the mouth of Sandusky river, on the 1st of August, had it is admitted no other white troops with him than the 41st regiment. An American editor says that the major general, previous to his appearance on the Sandusky, had detached 'Tecumseh with 2,000 warriors, and a few regulars, to make a diversion favorable to the attack upon Fort Stephenson; and yet the same editor states Major General Proctor's force before the fort, on the evening of the 1st, at 500 regulars and 700 Indians.' Of the latter there were but 200 and they, as was generally their custom when the object of assault was a fortified place, withdrew to a ravine, out of gun-shot, almost immediately that the action commenced. Of regulars there were two lieutenant-colonels, four captains, seven subalterns, (one a lieutenant of artillery) eight staff, 22 sergeants, seven drummers, and 241 rank and file, including 23 artillerymen; making a total of 391 officers, non-commissioned officers and privates.

"On the morning of the 2d the British opened their artillery consisting of two light 6-pounders, and two $5\frac{1}{2}$ howitzers upon the fort; but without producing the slightest impression; and the different American accounts, as we are glad to see, concur in stating, that the fort 'was not at all injured' by the fire directed against it. Under an impression that the garrison did not exceed 50 or 60 men, the fort was ordered to be stormed. Lieut. Col. Shortt at the head of 180 rank and file, immediately advanced toward the northwest angle; while about 160 rank and file, under Lieut.-Col. Warburton, passed around through the woods skirting the western side of the fort, to its south side. After sustaining a heavy fire of musketry from the American troops, Lieut.-Col. Shortt approached to the stockade; and with some difficulty, succeeded in getting over the pickets. The instant this gallant officer reached the ditch he ordered his men to follow and assault the works with the utmost vigor. The masked 6-pounder, which had been previously pointed to rake the ditch, and loaded 'with a double charge of leaden slugs,' was now fired at the British column, 'the front of which was only 30 feet distant from the piece.' A volley of musketry was fired at the same instant and repeated in quick succession. This dreadful and, as to the battery, unexpected discharge killed Lieut.-Col. Shortt, and several of his brave followers; and wounded a great many more. Still undaunted, the men of the 41st, headed by another officer, advanced again to carry the masked 6-pounder, from which another discharge of 'leaden slugs' aided by other volleys of musketry, was directed against them, and cleared the 'fatal ditch' a second time. It was in vain to contend further; and the British retired, with as many of their wounded as they could carry away.

"Lieut. Col. Warburton's party, having a circuit to make, did not

arrive at its position till the first assault was nearly over. After a volley or two, in which the British sustained some slight loss, the troops at this point also were ordered to retire. The loss amounted to 26 killed, 29 wounded and missing, and 41 wounded (most of them slightly) and brought away; total 96. The Americans state their loss at one killed and seven wounded. Considering the way in which they were sheltered, and the circumstances of the attack altogether, no greater loss could have been expected.

"The American editors seem determined to drag the Indians, in spite of their confirmed and to an American well-known habits, within the limits of the 'fatal ditch.' 'The Indians,' says Mr. Thomson, 'were enraged and mortified at this unparalleled defeat; and carrying their dead and wounded from the field, they indignantly followed the British regulars to the shipping.' 'It is a fact worthy of observation' says Mr. O'Connor, 'that not one Indian was found among the dead, although it is known that from three to four hundred were present.' A brave enemy would have found something to praise in the efforts of Colonel Shortt and his men, in this their 'unparalleled defeat;' but all is forgotten in the lavish encomiums bestowed upon Major Croghan and the band of 'heroes,' who 'compelled an army,' says an American editor, 'much more than 10 times superior,' to relinquish the attack."

LAST SURVIVOR OF FORT STEPHENSON.

A group of distinguished visitors entering unannounced the Blue Room at the White House, during the administration of President Hayes, were surprised to find the beautiful mistress of the house sitting on the floor, needle and thread in hand, while before her half reclining on the central divan, sat an old soldier in the uniform of an ordnance sergeant of the United States Army.

The callers, who were Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, with some English friends, were about to retire, when Mrs. Hayes looked up from her work, saw them, and laughingly called them to stay. She rose from the floor, shook hands warmly with the old man, and parrying his thanks and assuring him that his uniform was now perfect, handed him over to the care of her son.

The story is one of her many kindly, self-unconscious acts. One of her sons, visiting the Barnes Hospital at the Soldiers' home near Washington, had examined the list of soldiers living there and discovered that one was a veteran of Fort Stephenson.

at Fremont, Ohio, the home of the Hayes family, named William Gaines, late ordnance sergeant United States Army.

Subsequently Sergeant Gaines was granted a pension for his service in the War of 1812 and also for the Mexican War, and a complete full dress uniform was ordered sent to the White House for him. Sergeant Gaines was brought in from the Soldiers' Home to don his uniform and have his photograph taken in it. After putting on his uniform, the old soldier trembling with excitement and weakness discovered that the sergeant's stripes for the seam of his trousers had been sent loose to be used at the wearer's discretion, and he was greatly distressed at the thought of having his photograph taken without this insignia of rank. Mrs. Hayes, who had come down to greet him in the Blue Room, learning the cause of his distress, at once sent for needle and thread, saying that she would herself stitch them on. She was just finishing the task, sitting on the floor with the old soldier standing before her, when the British Minister and his guests entered, and caught the charming picture to carry away to their English home.



SERGEANT
GAINES.

It was a notable battle when, under Major George Croghan, a youth of twenty-one years, one hundred and sixty men, having but a single small cannon, defeated five hundred British soldiers and two thousand or more Indian allies; this battle being the prelude to Perry's victory on

Lake Erie and the decisive Battle of the Thames.

At the request of the members of the Hayes family, Representative William McKinley introduced a bill to place William Gaines, late ordnance sergeant, U. S. Army, on the retired list of the army with seventy-five per cent. of the full pay and allowance of an ordnance sergeant; he having served faithfully and honorably in the army of the United States for more than fifty-one years, having been an ordnance sergeant for over thirty-three consecutive years of said service, and having participated

in the siege of Fort Meigs, the defense of Fort Stephenson, and the battle of the Thames in the War of 1812.

Gen. Anson G. McCook secured the passage of the bill through the House of Representatives and Gen. A. E. Burnside secured concurrent action by the Senate, and the Act was approved by President Hayes.

Sergeant Gaines' story as told by himself in an interview with Mr. Webb C. Hayes at Washington in 1879, is as follows:

"My name is William Gaines. I was born in Frederick City, Md., Christmas Day, 1799. My father and mother were both born in Virginia. My father and General Gaines were cousins. My father had died and my mother was not in very good circumstances. We started from Frederick City, and when we reached Washington stopped for five or six hours and called on President Madison. Our folks came from Montpelier, Va., President Madison's home, and my uncle and President Madison were well acquainted. I had another uncle in Kentucky named Daveiss. They both lived in Lexington. During the Indian war in 1811, my uncle, Colonel Daveiss, raised a volunteer regiment and joined General Harrison. He took me along with him to take care of his horses and that is the way that I came to be in the battle of Tippecanoe, November 5, 1811.

"I occupied a tent with the Orderly Sergeant of the company. His tent was next to that of my uncle, Colonel Daveiss, and then came the company tent. We were surprised by the Indians, who got in the camp before we were aware of it. Some rushed into our tent, but we crawled out on the opposite side. Before getting out, however, the thumb of my left hand was cut by an Indian tomahawk or knife and laid wide open. It was sewed up by Dr. Woodward. The Indians were defeated, but my uncle, Colonel Daveiss, was killed.

"I enlisted on July 18, 1812, as a drummer boy in Captain Armstrong's company of the Twenty-fourth Infantry. I was then in my thirteenth year. We marched from Knoxville to Nashville, and then against the Creek nation. We marched from Nashville down the Cumberland river to the Ohio, which was full of ice and impassable, and were obliged to stop at a small French fort called Fort Massack, which was occupied by one company, about forty men of the Second Artillery under Lieutenant Tanner. We remained there until next spring and then started for Fort Meigs. We marched first to Newport, Ky., which took us, I think, twenty days, but we made a stop at Harrisonburg, where we were invited to the farm of Col. George Harrison and had everything we wanted. We stopped at Newport three days washing and cleaning ourselves and then crossed to Cincinnati. From Cincinnati we marched due north through the state of Ohio until we came to Franklinton, which was the extreme frontier. At Franklinton two deserters were tried and

shot. They came from camp Meigs, where they had mutinied and came near killing the captain. They were taken by some citizens between Upper Sandusky and Franklinton. General Harrison ordered a general court martial and charges were sent from Fort Meigs. Both were sentenced to be shot and both were shot the next day. They were buried on the banks of the Little Sciota.

"We then marched due north to Upper Sandusky. At Upper Sandusky we drew two days' rations to carry us through the Maumee Black Swamp. We then marched due north until we reached a point about five or six miles from Fort Stephenson, and then turning west the road ran through the Maumee Valley Black Swamp on to Fort Meigs, which we reached the next day. Gen. Green Clay was in command. While we were at Fort Meigs, Gen. Harrison established his headquarters at Fort Seneca, so that he might be handy for the different departments. We were at Fort Meigs something like a month, and during a portion of the time were besieged by Indians and British, and kept up a constant fire on them for about eight days.

"Our company was then ordered to Camp Seneca, in July I think, and while there a rumor came that Fort Stephenson was to be attacked. A detail was made from the different companies to relieve Fort Stephenson, and that was done that each company should have equal chance in the glory. All this time I was a private in Captain Armstrong's company, Twenty-fourth Infantry, having exchanged my drum for a musket, and was acting as cook for Lieutenant Joseph Anthony of my company. Lieutenant Anthony, Samuel Thurman, John Foster, James Riggs, a man named Jones and myself composed the detail from my company. We started at the break of day, and got to Fort Stephenson between nine and ten o'clock. We had not been there more than an hour and a half or two hours before the British hove in sight and began landing their troops, cannon, etc. Between 11 and 12 o'clock there came a flag of truce and an officer and six men; they were blindfolded and taken in at the west gate. It was rumored that the officer was sent to demand the surrender of the fort or to show no quarter. When they were gone Major Croghan told us to prepare ourselves, as no quarter was to be shown. They came around on the northwest side which was covered with woods, about 150 yards distant, and between the woods and fort was a ravine down which they would haul the cannon to load and then push up on the brow of the hill and fire. They could not approach from the east side because that was an open field, and we could have brought them down. To the north and south it was also quite open. The weather was good but warm, and a storm which had threatened finally disappeared. They fired on us for a time, but Major Croghan would not let us return it. Samuel Thurman was in the block house and determined to shoot a red coat. He climbed up on top of the block house and peered over, when a six-pound ball from the enemy's cannon took his head off. Finally toward evening they made a charge, and when they got

on level ground we got orders to fire. We shot through loop holes in the pickets and port holes in the blockhouses. I recollect very well when Colonel Shortt fell. I see it all now as distinctly as I see you two gentlemen. Our cannon was loaded with six-pound ball and grape. I was in the blockhouse and after Col. Short fell he held up a white handkerchief for quarter. Somebody in the blockhouse said, 'That man is hollering for quarter. He said he would show none. Now give him quarter.' It passed all through the fort. Then the bugle sounded the retreat. They had old Tecumseh and about 1,500 Indians, and I think about 700 or 800 regulars. I only estimated them by seeing them marching away.

There were no buildings near the fort, nor any women in the fort, as there was not settlement nearer than Franklinton. They landed below us, near the race track, opposite the Island. The British wounded who were not taken away lay in the ditch. I do not know anything about the passing of water over to the wounded. It might have been done unbeknown to me. The British soldiers were buried the next day. I do not know how many were killed. You see they took them away at night and we did not know anything about it.

"At the siege of Fort Meigs there was a large tree into which an Indian climbed and thus obtained a view of the interior of the fort. A man named Bronson brought him down with a rifle. I do not think it can be true that we loaded our cannon with nails and scraps on account of lack of ammunition. I have often thought that if General Harrison had marched his troops from Fort Seneca down the east side of the Sandusky river and crossed, it would have brought him between the enemy and their boats, and thus we could have captured them all. I have often thought of it and talked it over with men of our company. When the firing commenced, Lieut. Anthony was panicstruck and secreted himself, and did not come out until the battle was over. He was put under arrest by Major Croghan and sent to Fort Seneca and court-martialed for cowardice and cashiered the service. Gen. Harrison was a small and very slim man, a little on the dark complected order, and advanced in years. Major Croghan was a very thin man and stood about five feet eight or nine inches. He was tall and slim. He became very corpulent and fleshy some years after. I remember well when Colonel Croghan was placed in arrest. He had an order from Gen. Harrison to destroy all public property that he could not bring away and retreat. When he got the order it was too late to retreat. He was tried and acquitted. He was a very courageous man, afraid of nothing under the sun. After the battle of Fort Stephenson we were returned to our companies again. Every company got their own men but ours, which had one killed, Samuel Thurman, who was the only man killed on our side. We lay at Camp Seneca until the news came from Commodore Perry that "we have met the enemy and they are ours." We then marched past Fort Stephenson to the lake, where we were furnished with boats

and crossed over into Canada. We landed about one mile below Colonel Elliott's quarters. I must tell you a little story about this. I took six beautiful silver spoons from that man's house. Everybody had left and I was hard up. The house was furnished in the English fashion. I sold them at Detroit. We did not get paid in those days like we do now. We often went eighteen months without pay. From Elliott's we went to Fort Malden. They had evacuated and taken all they could get from there, and then we went up to Sand Beach. Colonel Johnson followed with more men, and we all followed the British troops until they got to Moravian Town. On the 2d of October we fought the battle of the Thames. I recollect that day just as well as I do sitting in this chair. It was their last battle. We made short work of the British. They knew we were com-



SCENE IN CROGHAN PARADE.

ing and General Proctor and an aide fled before we were within a mile of them. We captured all of them but these two. We had more fighting with the Indians than with the British Regulars. The Indians retreated across the river in canoes, but many of them were shot and tumbled over in the water. We marched to Detroit, where we embarked in Commodore Perry's fleet. General Harrison and my company were on the same boat with Commodore Perry, and also a British Commodore and other British officers who were prisoners. We sailed to Buffalo, and then marched to Sackett's Harbor, where we joined General Wilkinson's command that was to attack Montreal. We took open boats and started across, but owing to the ice we had to abandon the expedition and return to the shore, from where we marched to a place called Chateaugay Four Corners, on a little lake, and wintered there. The next spring the captain,

one officer and myself went to New York on recruiting service. That was in 1814. I remained in New York about two years. When we left New York we marched with recruits to fill up the companies stationed on the northern frontier. I had re-enlisted on the 23d of November, 1816, for five years. We marched to Sackett's Harbor, and I was there assigned to Company D, Second Infantry. The other recruits were distributed at the different stations. I was stationed at Sackett's Harbor something like seventeen years. We remained quietly at barracks all this time, until the Black Hawk War broke out beyond Chicago. We started in the month of July, 1832, and got back October 6, of the same year. We had no battles in that campaign. There was nothing but hard marching, etc. I was appointed an ordnance sergeant of the U. S. army October 18, 1833, and was ordered to Boston, but finally exchanged with the ordnance sergeant at Madison barracks. Colonel Kirby, paymaster, and others arranged the matter for me. During the Florida War I was in Sackett's Harbor in charge of all the property at that post. I was there too during the Mexican War and got an order from General Angur to enlist all the men that I could and send them to Syracuse. I got from four to six every day, and sent them to Syracuse for Mexico. I was a recruiting officer for General Angur. During the war of the Rebellion I was left alone in charge of the quartermaster's stores, medical and other property at Madison Barracks, New York. I was discharged December 31, 1866, by Secretary Stanton and came to this home. I have had charge of a great many improvements in the home and was lodge keeper at the Whitney Avenue gate for a number of years."

Sergeant Gaines was at the time of this interview, an active old man about five feet seven inches in height, of dark complexion. He had bright grey eyes, white hair and strongly marked features. He stood perfectly erect, and had a very soldierly bearing. His mind was clear and his memory quite remarkable. He described with great detail the incident of his early service. He was the last survivor of the gallant defenders of Fort Stephenson. He enlisted when in his thirtieth year and probably no man served longer in the United States Army than he.

REUBEN CLEMENT.

In 1886 there still lived in Petersburg, Va., a survivor of the War of 1812, one of the Petersburg Volunteers, one member of which, Brown, fought at Fort Stephenson. A letter from this aged man, Mr. Reuben Clements, reads:

PETERSBURG, VA., 4th March, 1880.

Colonel:

According to promise I will now attempt to tell you what little I know about Croghan and Sandusky. The opening of the spring campaign in 1813 found the garrison of Fort Meigs exceedingly weak. General Harrison having gone in the states to hasten forward reinforcements, leaving General Clay in command. The British and Indians in considerable numbers, knowing perhaps of the absence of the General-in-Chief, and our weakness, as also our expecting succor from Kentucky, surrounded the fort and engaged in a sham battle, hoping by this ruse to draw us out. Failing in this they left us, taking the Military Road in the direction of Fort Stephenson, which was said to have been forty miles in length, and fell upon Major Croghan and his little band at Sandusky. The fort at this place was quite small, covering I should say not more than one English acre of ground. In form it was quadrilateral, without traverses, but having in front of curtain on its four sides a broad and deep fosse. At the north-east angle of the fort was a blockhouse, and just here was mounted the only cannon (a six pounder) which made such havoc with the red coats occupying the ditch. My impression is that my old comrade Brown was the only member of my company present on that occasion; and that he did not (as has been asserted) command the piece but only assisted in working it. The captain of the gun was a sergeant either of the Pittsburg Blues, or Greensburg Blues. However Brown was terribly burned about the face which disfigured him for life. I forgot to state that the Fort was short of ammunition of all sorts, having only three rounds in all for the cannon. You ask if I knew Major Croghan. I answer, Yes, I have seen him oftentimes before and after the glorious fight at Sandusky. He was a beardless stripling; I should say rather below the medium size, and did not look more than eighteen years of age. This is about all I know of Croghan and Sandusky. I might add, though not exactly pertinent, that our Company was quite largely represented on the decks of Commodore Perry's ships, when he so gloriously fought and overcame the British Fleet on Lake Erie.

With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

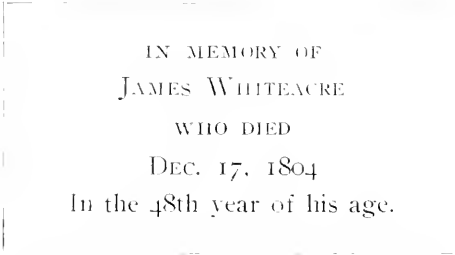
REUBEN CLEMENTS.

THE FIRST PERMANENT WHITE SETTLERS IN OHIO, JAMES WHITAKER AND ELIZABETH FOULKES.

The first permanent white settlers in Ohio were James Whitaker and Elizabeth Foulks, who were captured in western Pennsylvania in 1774 and 1776 respectively, by the Wyandot Indians, by whom they were adopted and taken to Lower San-

dusky, now Fremont, Ohio, where they were brought together as adopted members of the Wyandot tribe. They were married in Detroit, in 1781, and returned to a tract of land which had been given to them by the Wyandots on the Sandusky River, three miles below the lower rapids known as Lower Sandusky. Here they lived and raised a family of eight children. Two of their grandchildren and several great grandchildren are residents of Fremont and vicinity.

James Whitaker, who became an Indian trader, died of poison, it is said, in 1804, at Upper Sandusky, where he had a store; but his remains were brought to his home established in 1781, where he was buried on the tract originally given him as a wedding gift by the Indians, which tract, containing 1280 acres, was set aside to his widow by the treaty made at Fort Industry September 29, 1817. His tombstone was brought from the old Whitaker farm and placed in Birchard Library, just one hundred years after its erection over his grave. It bears the following inscription:



IN MEMORY OF
JAMES WHITEACRE
WHO DIED
DEC. 17, 1804
In the 48th year of his age.

The tombstone of his daughter, Mary Whitaker Shamon, was also brought from the Whitaker family burying-ground to Birchard Library. Its inscription records her death as occurring August 15, 1827, in the 36th year of her age, which places her birth in 1791. She was the fourth child of James Whitaker.

The Hon. Homer Everett, who came to Fremont in 1815, and was the recognized authority and historian of Sandusky county, relates in his History of Sandusky County an interview with Mrs. Rachel Scranton, the seventh child of James Whitaker, as follows:

"About the year 1780 two brothers, Quill and James Whitaker,¹ in company with another young man, left Fort Pitt one morning on a hunting expedition. They wandered a considerable distance from the fort, intent upon securing game with which to gratify their friends, but at an unexpected moment a volley of rifle balls rattled among the trees. One took mortal effect in the body of the young man, another passed through the hat of Quill Whitaker, who saved himself by flight; a third ball shattered the arm of James, the younger brother, and in a few minutes he was the prisoner of a band of painted Wyandot warriors. After several days' hard traveling, the Indians with their captive reached a village within the present boundaries of Richland County, Ohio. Here the lines were formed and Whitaker's bravery and activity tested on the gauntlet course. The boy, wounded as he was, deported himself with true heroism. The first half of the course was passed without a single scratch, but as he was speeding on toward the painted goal an old squaw who cherished a feeling of deep revenge, mortified by the captive's successful progress, sprang forward and caught his arm near the shoulder, hoping to detain him long enough for the weapon of the next savage to take effect. The prisoner instantly halted and with a violent kick sent the vicious squaw and the next Indian tumbling from the lines. His bold gallantry received wild shouts of applause along the line. Attention being thus diverted, he sprang forward with quickened speed and reached the post without material injury. Not satisfied that this favorite amusement should be so quickly ended, it was decided that the prisoner should run again. The lines for the second trial were already formed, when an elderly and dignified squaw walked forward and took from her own shoulders a blanket which she cast over the panting young prisoner, saying, 'This is my son. He is one of us. You must not kill him.' Thus adopted, he was treated with all that kindness and affection which the savage heart is capable of cherishing."

Miss Helen Scranton, daughter of Mr. Everett's informant above, relates that her grandfather, James Whitaker, was born in London, England, in 1756, and brought to New York when twelve years of age by his uncle, John Whitaker, who was a trader and the captain of his own ship. The boy wandered away from his uncle's ship while in New York and was later reported as having been captured by the Indians.

The first documentary evidence we have of James Whitaker is found in his signature to a proclamation issued by Henry Hamilton, the British Lieutenant Governor at Detroit. This notorious scalp-hunter three months later welcomed the renegades Girty, Elliott and McKee, and sent them forth to lead the

savages against American settlers on the borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia. The proclamation reads:

“DETROIT, JANUARY 5th, 1778.

“Notwithstanding all endeavors to apprise his majesty's faithful and loyal subjects, dispersed over the colonies of his gracious intentions towards them, signified to them at different times, it is to be feared the mistaken zeal of the deluded multitude, acted upon by the artful and wicked designs of rebellious counsellors has prevented many from profiting of his majesty's clemency. This is to acquaint all whom it may concern, that nothing can give greater satisfaction to those persons who command for his majesty at the different posts, than to save from ruin those innocent people who are unhappily involved in distresses they have in no ways merited. The moderation shown by the Indians who have gone to war from this place, is a speaking proof of the truth; and the injunctions constantly laid upon them on their setting out, having been to spare the defenceless and aged of both sexes, show that compassion for the unhappy is blended with the severity necessary to be exercised in the obstinate and perverse enemies of his majesty's crown and dignity.

“The persons undernamed are living witnesses of the moderation and even gentleness of savages shown to them, their wives and children; which may, it is hoped, induce others to exchange the hardships experienced under their present masters, for security and freedom under their lawful sovereign.

“The bearer hereof, Edward Hazle, has my orders to make known to all persons whom it may concern, that the Indians are encouraged to show the same mildness to all who shall embrace the offer of safety and protection, hereby held out to them; and he is further to make known, as far as lies in his power, that if a number of people can agree upon a place of rendezvous, and a proper time for coming to this post, the Miamis, Sandusky or post Vincennes, the properest methods will be taken for their security, and a safe guard of white people, with an officer and interpreter sent to conduct them.

“Given under my hand and seal in Detroit.

“Signed, Henry Hamilton[Seal], Lieutenant Governor and Superintendent.

“God save the King.”

“We who have undersigned our names, do voluntarily declare that we have been conducted from the several places mentioned opposite our names to Detroit by Indians accompanied with white people; that we have neither been cruelly treated nor in any way ill used by them; and further that on our arrival we have been treated with the greatest humanity and our wants supplied in the best manner possible.

“George Baker, for himself, wife and five children—now here from five miles below Logstown.

"James Butterworth from Big Kenawlia.

"Thomas X Shoers, from Harrodstown, Kentucky.
his mark.

"Jacob Pugh, from six miles below the fort at Wheeling.

"Jonathan Muchmore, from Ft. Pitt.

"James Whitaker, from Detroit, taken at Fish Creek.

"John X Bridges, from Detroit, taken at Fish Creek.
his mark.

After Whitaker's marriage and return to Lower Sandusky, he became an influential Wyandot chief and follower of Tarhe, the Crane, the famous Indian chieftain whose home was at Lower Sandusky. Charles Johnson, states in his Narrative that Whitaker fought with the Wyandots under Crane in the defeat of St. Clair in 1791, and again in the Battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794, when Wayne defeated the Indians so decisively and brought permanent peace to the frontier.

James Whitaker died in 1804, but the Wyandots of Lower Sandusky, under Tarhe, fought on the American side in the War of 1812. Although compelled through self-interest and the circumstances of his location to fight the battles of his adopted Indian brothers, there are many notable instances of his kindness to white prisoners, and his constant efforts to alleviate their sufferings whenever possible. A number of instances are cited later.

Mr. Everett's narrative, cited above, continues:

"About two years after the capture of Whitaker, another party of warriors made an incursion into Pennsylvania and captured at Cross Roads, Elizabeth Foulks, a girl eleven years old, whom they carried into captivity and adopted into a family of the tribe. Both captives lived contentedly and happily, having adopted the manners and customs of their hosts.

"A few years after—probably here on the Sandusky river, at a general council of their tribe, these two adopted children of the forest made each other's acquaintance. A marriage according to the customs of civilized life was at once arranged and the couple, ardent in their love and happy in their expectations, set off for Detroit, where the Christian ritual was pronounced which made them man and wife.

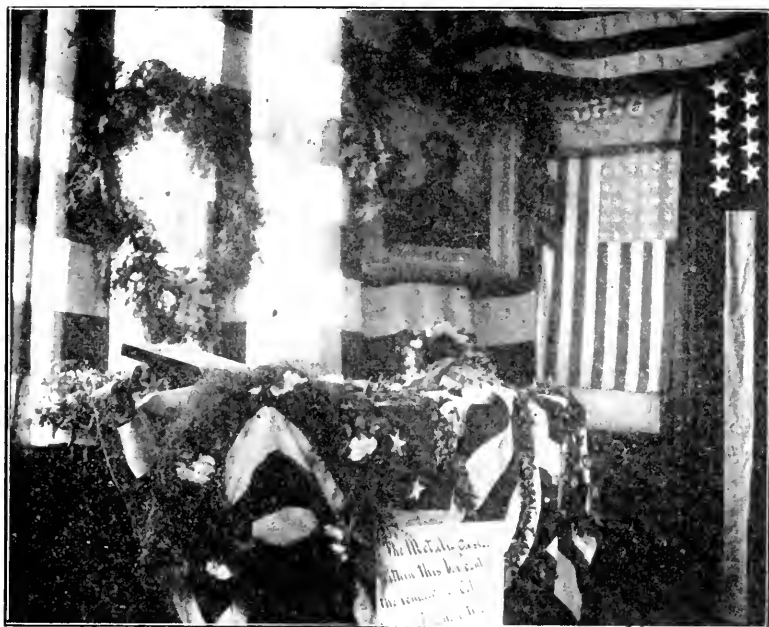
"The Indians seemed well pleased by this conduct of their pale-faced children. They gave them a choice tract of farming land in the river bottom. Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker reared a large family for whose education they expended considerable sums of money.

"Mr. Whitaker entered into mercantile business, for which he was

well fitted. He established a store at his residence, one at Tymochtee and one at Upper Sandusky. He accumulated wealth rapidly, having at the time of his death his goods all paid for and 2,000 pounds on deposit with the Canada house where he made his purchases. At Upper Sandusky he had a partner, Hugh Patterson, with whom in the year 1804 he drank a glass of wine and died a short time afterwards, his death being attributed to poison in the wine. Mrs. Whitaker, to whom a reservation was granted in the treaty of 1817, survived her husband many years."

Miss Helen Scranton states that her grandmother, Elizabeth Foulks, was taken prisoner by the Wyandots during the first year of the War of the Revolution, 1776, when eleven years old, at Beaver Creek, Pa. The children of the neighborhood were making sugar when they were attacked by the Indians, her brother John Foulks was tomahawked and killed, and her brother George, who was several years older than Elizabeth, was taken prisoner with her. Both were carried through to the vicinity of Detroit. She remained with the Indians at Detroit, being very kindly treated by them, until she was married to James Whitaker, also a prisoner at Detroit, some five years and three months after her capture, namely in 1781 or 1782. She was adopted by the Wyandots, but in common with the white prisoners, including her brother George, she was freed a short time before her marriage. George Foulks returned at once to Beaver Creek, Pa., where he married, leaving at least ten children. Elizabeth was married to James Whitaker according to rites of civilized life, but whether by a civil or a religious ceremony is not known. In 1782, very soon after their marriage, Whitaker and his wife left Detroit and returned to the banks of the Sandusky River, where they built a log cabin three miles below Lower Sandusky, now Fremont. A few years after settling on the Sandusky, Whitaker traded his furs and Indian supplies for lumber from Canada, and after rafting it up the Sandusky River built a large frame, two-story house, also a warehouse and store building. When her first child, Nancy, was nine or ten months old, Mrs. Whitaker started on her first trip home to Beaver Creek, carrying her baby on her horse in front of her and being accompanied by two Wyandot squaws. She was the mother of eight children, from her marriage in 1782 until

the death of her husband in 1804, at Upper Sandusky. She made several trips to her old home in Beaver Creek, going for the last time in 1823 to attend a family reunion at the home of her sister. An incident of that occasion is that her sister sat at the table with twenty-two of her own children, two others having died. Of the twenty-two, a quartet of boys, born at one birth, were dressed in suits of handsome green cloth presented to them by President Monroe. Mrs Whitaker died suddenly in 1833.



CASKET CONTAINING REMAINS OF MAJOR CROGHAN IN STATE IN
CITY HALL.

while on a visit to Upper Sandusky, where her husband also had died nearly thirty years before. She was buried at Upper Sandusky, although her husband's body had been taken back to Lower Sandusky. Her will, dated February 13, 1833, was admitted to probate in this county September 13, 1833, in which are mentioned the names of several of her children, including Isaac and James, the latter being her executor. In her will among other things

mentioned as her property was "a chest containing valuable articles." From the inventory of her estate as recorded in the office of the probate judge the following articles of silver were found in a chest: Silver castor, cruets, tablespoons, sugar tongs, Indian armband and shoe buckles.

The children of James Whitaker and Elizabeth Foulks Whitaker were all born on what was afterward called the Whitaker Reservation, a tract of 1280 acres set aside for her by the treaty of 1817, which reads:

"To Elizabeth Whitaker, who was taken prisoner by the Wyandots and has ever since lived among them, 1280 acres of land, on the west side of the Sandusky river, near Croghansville, to be laid off in a square form, as nearly as the meanders of the said river will admit, and to run an equal distance above and below the house in which the said Elizabeth Whitaker now lives."

A deed was made to her by the Government in 1822 for these lands, containing the restriction that she should not convey them to others without permission from the President of the United States. This permission she obtained from President Monroe and in 1823, for the consideration named in the deed of \$1200, conveyed the whole tract to her son George Whitaker.

The names of the children of James and Elizabeth Whitaker were:

Nancy, born in 1782, married William Wilson in 1803.

Isaac moved to Indiana.

James moved to Michigan.

Mary, born in 1791, married George Shannon, died in 1827.

Elizabeth who died during the War of 1812.

Charlotte who died in 1824.

Rachel, born in 1801, who married James A. Scranton in 1823.

George, born in 1803, moved to Missouri in February, 1884.

James Whitaker had a number of trading posts or stores, one at his home, one on the Tymochtee and one at Upper Sandusky. While visiting the latter he died suddenly, in 1804, supposedly being poisoned by his partner, Hugh Patterson, a Canadian from Sandwich, Upper Canada, who owed Mrs. Whitaker

"\$1,300 on a judgment on which Richard Patterson was surety," as stated in Elizabeth Whitaker's will.

James Whitaker did a great deal of his trading at Montreal, making one or two trips thither a year. On one of these trips he took his eldest daughter, Nancy, a young girl, to Montreal, where she visited an English family named Wilson. The Wilsons proposed sending one of their daughters to Scotland to be educated, and Nancy Whitaker accompanied her and remained at Glasgow, Scotland, at school for nearly three years. Shortly after Nancy's return to her father's home near Lower Sandusky, William Wilson, an English officer and son of the Montreal Wilsons, came to visit the Whitakers, and on a second visit some months later he was married to Nancy at the Whitaker home, when she was between seventeen and eighteen years of age.

William Wilson, the British officer, and his wife Nancy lived with the Whitakers, where they had many English officers as visitors. Two girls and a boy were born to them before the death of Nancy Whitaker Wilson, which occurred shortly before the death of her father, James Whitaker, in 1804. The British officer, Wilson, was recalled to England in 1810 or 1811 to assume the position of Captain in his regiment, and left his three children with their grandmother, Elizabeth Whitaker, who had charge of them until after the close of the war between Great Britain and America, as well as of her own seven children.

One of her children, Mary, married George Shamon. She died in 1827, leaving five sons and one daughter; two sons, James and John, lived and died here, leaving large families who are prosperous people. Rachel Whitaker Scranton died October 7, 1862, eleven years after the death of her husband, James A. Scranton, who died while Sergeant-at-Arms of the Ohio State Senate, in 1851. They had ten children, of whom two survive: James A. Scranton, a farmer near Fremont, and Mrs. Hannah Scranton-Stoner, a widow.

Charles Johnston of Botetourt County, Virginia, while engaged in securing depositions of witnesses in litigations in relation to lands in Kentucky, left his home in 1789 and repaired to what is now Point Pleasant on the Ohio river. While passing down the river with Mr. May, Mr. Skyles, William Flinn and Peggy and Dolly Fleming, one of

whom was a particular friend of Flinn who with the young women were residents of Pittsburg, the party was hailed by two white men who implored to be taken on board and rescued from the Indians by whom they had been captured. These white men were simply used as a decoy, and when the boat containing Johnston and his companions approached the shore they were fired on by a body of 54 Indians, killing Dolly Fleming and Mr. May, and capturing Skyles, Flinn, Peggy Fleming and Charles Johnston. The date was March 20, 1789. The prisoners were separated and later Flinn was burned at the stake on the Sandusky river, Skyles was condemned to a similar fate on the Miami of the Lakes, but providentially escaped to Detroit. In 1827, Johnston, then a prominent citizen of his native state, printed a "Narrative of the Incidents attending the Capture, Detention and Ransom of Charles Johnston." The following extracts relate to his fellow captive, Peggy Fleming, and to his experiences at Lower Sandusky. When he reached Upper Sandusky, he met a Canadian trader, named Francis Duchouquet, who succeeded after many efforts in purchasing Johnston from the Indians for 600 silver broaches. "This event" says Johnston, "to me the most important of my life, by a singular coincidence occurred on the 28th of April, in the year 1790, the day on which I attained the age of 21 years."

"The small band of Cherokees, three in number, to whom Peggy Fleming had been allotted in the distribution made of the prisoners on the Ohio, brought her to Upper Sandusky while I was there. She was no longer that cheerful, lively creature such as when separated from us. Her spirits were sunk, her gayety had fled; and instead of that vivacity and sprightliness which formerly danced upon her countenance she now wore the undissembled aspect of melancholy and wretchedness. I endeavored to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary change, but she answered my inquiries only with her tears; leaving my mind to its own inferences. Her stay with us was only for a few hours, during which time I could not extract a word from her, except occasionally the monosyllables *yes* and *no*. Gloom and despondency had taken entire possession of her breast; and nothing could be more touching than her appearance. Her emaciated frame and dejected countenance, presented a picture of sorrow and of sadness which would have melted the stoutest heart, and such was its effect upon me that I could not abstain from mingling my tears with hers. With these feelings we parted. When we met again it was under far different and more auspicious circumstances, as will hereafter be seen.

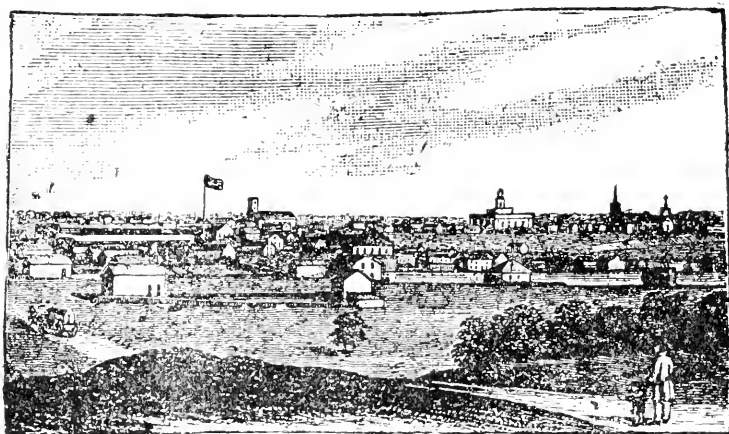
"Mr. Duchouquet sold his goods and collected his peltry at Upper Sandusky. The season had arrived for transporting his purchases to Detroit; and with a light heart I began the journey to that post in his party. The Sandusky river is not navigable from the upper town; and Mr. Duchouquet's peltry was carried on pack horses to Lower Sandusky; whence there is a good navigation to Detroit. When we reached Lower Sandusky, a great degree of consternation prevailed there, produced by

the incidents of the preceding day, and of the morning then recently past. The three Cherokees, who had possession of Peggy Fleming, had conducted her to a place where they encamped, within a quarter of a mile's distance from the town. It was immediately rumored that they were there, with a white female captive. The traders residing in the town instantly determined to visit the camp of the Cherokees and to see her. Among them was a man whose name was Whitaker, and who like the one that I had met at Upper Sandusky had been carried into captivity from the white settlements by the Wyandots in his early life. He was not so entirely savage as the first; could speak our language better; and though naturalized by his captors retained some predilection for the whites. The influence which he had acquired with his tribe was such that they had promoted him to the rank of chief; and his standing with them was high. His business had led him frequently to Pittsburg where the father of Peggy Fleming then kept a tavern in which Whitaker had been accustomed to lodge and board. As soon as he appeared with the other traders at the camp of the Cherokees, he was recognized by the daughter of his old landlord, and she addressed him by his name, earnestly supplicating his efforts to emancipate her from the grasp of her savage proprietors. Without hesitation he acceded to her request. He did not make an application to the Cherokees but returned to the town and informed the principal chief, distinguished by the appellation of King Crane, that the white female captive was his sister; a misrepresentation greatly palliated by the benevolent motive which dictated it.

"He had no difficulty in obtaining from the King a promise to procure her release. Crane went immediately to the camp of the Cherokees; informed them that their prisoner was the sister of a friend of his, and desired as a favor that they would make a present to him of Peggy Fleming, whom he wished to restore to her brother. They rejected his request. He then proposed to purchase her; this they also refused with bitterness telling him that he was no better than the white people and that he was as mean as the dirt; terms of the grossest reproach in their use of them. At this insult Crane became exasperated. He went back to the town; told Whitaker what had been his reception and declared his intention to take Peggy Fleming from the Cherokees by force. But fearing such an act might be productive of war between his nation and theirs, he urged Whitaker to raise the necessary sum in value for her redemption. Whitaker, with the assistance of the other traders at the town, immediately made up the requisite amount in silver broaches. This was not accomplished until it was too late to effect their object on that evening. Early next morning, King Crane, attended by eight or ten young warriors, marched out to the camp of the Cherokees, where he found them asleep, while their forlorn captive was securely fastened, in a state of utter nakedness, to a stake, and her body painted black; an indication always decisive that death is the doom of the prisoner.

Crane, with his scalping knife, cut the cords by which she was bound; delivered her the clothes of which she had been divested by the rude hands of the unfeeling Cherokees; and after she was dressed, awakened them. He told them in peremptory language that the captive was his, and that he had brought with him the value of her ransom. Then throwing down the silver broaches on the ground, he bore off the terrified girl to the town, and delivered her to Whitaker; who after a few days sent her, disguised by her dress and paint as a squaw, to Pittsburg, under the care of two trusty Wyandots. I never learnt whether she reached her home or not; but as the Indians are remarkable for their fidelity to their undertakings, I presume she was faithfully conducted to her place of destination.

"The Cherokees were so incensed by the loss of their captive, that



FREMONT (LOWER SANDUSKY) 1846.

they entered the Wyandot town of Lower Sandusky, declaring they would be revenged by taking the life of some white person. This was the cause of the alarm, which was spread among the traders at the time of our arrival, and in which our party necessarily participated; as it was indispensable that we should remain there several days, for the purpose of unpacking Mr. Duchouquet's peltry from the horses, and placing it on board the batteaux in which it was to be conveyed to Detroit. The Cherokees painted themselves, as they and other savages are accustomed to do when they are preparing for war or battle. All their ingenuity is directed to the object of rendering their aspect as horrible as possible, that they may strike their enemies with terror, and indicate by external signs the fury which rages within. They walked about the town in great anger, and we deemed it necessary to keep a watchful eye upon

them and to guard against their approach. All the whites, except Whitaker, who was considered as one of the Wyandots, assembled at night in the same house, provided with weapons of defence, and continued together until the next morning; when to our high gratification they disappeared and I never heard of them afterwards."

Mr. Johnston's Narrative continues:

"At Lower Sandusky we found Mr. Angus McIntosh, who was extensively engaged in the fur trade. This gentleman was at the head of the connection to which Mr. Duchouquet belonged, who was his factor or partner at Upper Sandusky, as a Mr. Isaac Williams was here. Williams was a stout, bony, muscular and fearless man. On one of those days which I spent in waiting until we were ready to embark for Detroit, a Wyandot Indian, in his own language, which I did not understand, uttered some expression offensive to Williams. This produced great irritation on both sides and a bitter quarrel ensued. Williams took down from a shelf of the store in which the incident occurred two scalping knives; laid them on the counter; gave the Wyandot choice of them; and challenged him to combat with these weapons. But the character of Williams for strength and courage was so well known, that he would not venture on the contest and soon afterward retired.

"Lower Sandusky was to me distinguished by another circumstance. It was the residence of the Indian widow, whose former husband I had been destined to succeed, if the Mingo had been permitted to retain and dispose of me according to his intentions. I felt an irresistible curiosity to have a view of this female, and it was my determination to find her dwelling, and see her there, if no other opportunity should occur. She was at last pointed out to me as she walked about the village, and I could not help chuckling at my escape from the fate which had been intended for me. She was old, ugly and disgusting.

"After the expiration of four or five days from that on which we reached Lower Sandusky, our preparations were completed; the boats were laden with the peltry of the traders; and the whole trading party embarked for Detroit. On the afternoon of the second day, having descended the river into Sandusky Bay, we landed on a small island near the strait by which it enters into Lake Erie. Here we pitched a tent which belonged to our party. The island was inhabited by a small body of Indians, and we were soon informed that they were preparing for a festival and dance. If I then understood the motive or occasion which induced this dance, it is not now within my recollection. Several canoes were employed in bringing guests from the main, which is at a short distance, separated from the island by a narrow arm of the bay. We were all invited to the dance by short sticks, painted red, which were delivered to us, and seemed to be intended as tickets of admission. A large circular piece of ground was made smooth, and surrounded by something like a pallisade, within which the entertainment was held. We had expected that it would commence early in the evening, but the

delay was so long that we laid down to sleep in the tent, which stood near the spot of ground prepared for the dance.

"About eleven o'clock we were awakened by the noise of Indian mirth. One hundred, perhaps, of both sexes had assembled. Both men and women were dressed in calico shirts. Those of the women were adorned with a profusion of silver broaches, stuck in the sleeves and bosoms; they wore, besides, what is called a match-coat, formed of cloth, confined around the middle of their bodies by a string, with the edges lapping toward the side, and the length of the garment extended a little below the knees. They wore leggings and moccasins. Their cheeks were painted red, but no other part of their face. Their long black hair was parted in front, drawn together behind, and formed into a club. The liberal use of bear's oil gave it a high gloss. Such are the ornaments and dress of an Indian belle, by which she endeavors to attract the notice of admiring beaux. The men had a covering around their waists, to which their leggings were suspended by a string, extending from their top to the cord which held on the covering of the waist; and a blanket or robe thrown over the shoulders and confined by a belt around the body, of various colors and adorned with beads. The women were arranged together and led the dance, the men following after them and all describing a circle. The character of this dance differed essentially from that of the war dance, which I had witnessed on a former occasion. The one was accompanied by horrid yells and shrieks and extravagant gestures, expressive of fury and ferocity, with nothing like a mirthful cheerfulness. The other which I saw in this last instance was mere festivity and lively mirth. The women were excluded from the first, but had an active share in the second; and both sexes were highly animated by the music of the tamborine. An abundant supper had been provided, consisting altogether of the fresh meat of bears and deer, without bread or salt and dressed in no other manner than by boiling. It was served up in a number of wooden trenchers, placed on the ground and the guests seated themselves around it. We were invited to partake but neither the food nor the cookery were much to our taste; yet we were unwilling to refuse their hospitality, and joined in their repast. We were not gainers by it; for when we were faring not very sumptuously on their boiled meat, without bread or salt, they entered our tent and stole from our basket which contained provisions enough for our voyage, a very fine ham on which we had intended to regale ourselves the next day."

It is a curious fact that of the first settlers of the Ohio Company at Marietta, the first organized settlement in the Northwestern Territory, who were captured by the Indians to be taken for ransom to Detroit, two of their number, Major Nathan Goodale, the Revolutionary hero, and Daniel Convers,

then a young lad, should have been treated with great kindness by the Indian trader James Whitaker and his family, the first permanent white settlers in Ohio, at their home near Lower Sandusky. In fact Major Goodale died at the home of the Whitakers and was buried by them; while young Convers makes personal mention of their kindness to him, in his *Reminiscences*.

The lad Daniel Convers was captured by nine Indians on the 29th of April, 1791, just outside of Fort Frye, while engaged with three armed soldiers in cutting a tree for the purpose of making a hoop for the body of a drum. They were fired on, when the three soldiers ran, leaving Daniel, who was unarmed, to be captured by the Indians. He was hurried into a canoe on the river which crossed over to the mouth of Wolf Creek. On arriving at Lower Sandusky, on the 9th of May, he found oxen and other cattle that had been taken from the settlement at Marietta.

Some young Indian boys ran with him up the river bank to keep him out of sight of the other Indians who lived in the large Indian village, and he thus received only kind treatment, except in the case of a drunken Indian, who knocked him down several times. Hildreth's *Pioneer History* says that they moved the next day down the Sandusky, "and stopped a short time at Mr. Whitaker's, an Indian trader. He had a white wife who like himself had been taken prisoner in childhood and adopted into the tribe. The trader made them a present of a loaf of maple sugar, giving Daniel a share. Whitaker said but little to the prisoner, lest he should excite the jealousy of the warriors."

On arriving at the mouth of the Portage River, near the ruins of old Fort Sandusky, Convers was delivered to his new master, a Chippewa. The price paid for him was a horse and several strings of wampum.

He was then taken to Detroit, where on the 14th of July he escaped and after secreting himself for several weeks was finally taken to the hospital by the son of the British Commandant, who treated him kindly and sent him on down to Montreal and then on to his relations in Killingly, Connecticut. He returned to Marietta in February, 1794, and became an influential

citizen. He drew the sketch of Fort Frye found in Hildreth's Pioneer History, which he assisted, as a boy, in building.

Of the many acts of kindness extended by James Whitaker and his wife during their residence among the Indians at Lower Sandusky, the most noted person whom they were able to assist was Major Nathan Goodale. Gen. Rufus Putnam, the intimate friend of Washington and his chief engineer and the "Father of Ohio" in its first organized settlement, was warmly attached to Major Goodale, who had served as an officer in his regiment through the entire war. General Putnam, in a remarkable letter to General Washington written at Massachusetts Huts, June 9, 1783, calls Washington's attention to the numerous conspicuous acts of personal bravery and of the gallant duty performed by Major Goodale during the Revolutionary War.

Major Goodale was a native of Brookfield, Mass., but joined the Ohio Company in 1788. He removed to Belpre, near Marietta, in 1789, where he was captured March 1, 1793, while working on his farm within fifty rods of the garrison, by eight Wyandot Indians, who hurried him off toward Detroit in order to secure a large ransom. While en route, near Lower Sandusky, he fell sick and could not travel. The Whitakers learning of his condition took him to their home, where Mrs. Whitaker carefully nursed him until he finally died and was probably buried in what afterward became the Whitaker family graveyard. Mrs. Whitaker said "the Indians left him at her house, where he died of a disease like pleurisy without having received any very ill usage from his captors other than the means necessary to prevent his escape."

James Whitaker may be regarded as the first educator of this region. About 1800, at large expense, he hired a teacher from the east to instruct the older children. His oldest daughter, Nancy, had been taken to Montreal, and then sent to Scotland, where she remained three years at school, returning well qualified to teach her younger brothers and sisters.

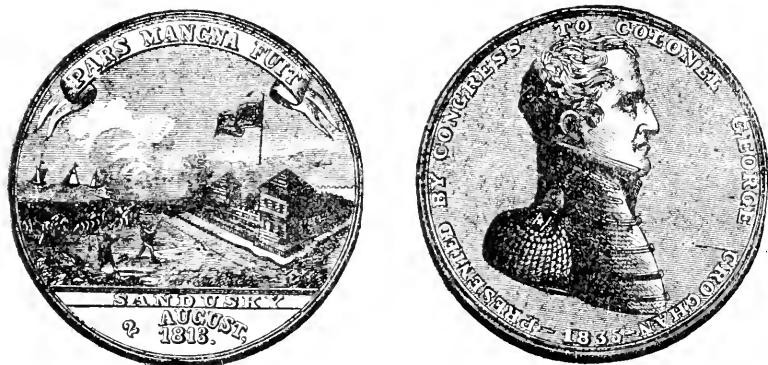
The Sandusky and Maumee Valleys, as well as Detroit and the Michigan peninsula, practically remained under British dominion until after the Battle of Fallen Timbers and the subsequent treaty of Greenville. Detroit was evacuated by the British in

1796, nevertheless the British through their Indian allies kept an envious eye on this region and almost immediately after the declaration of war in June, 1812, again took possession of much of this territory through the ignominious surrender of Detroit. Under these circumstances and on account of James Whitaker's almost semi-annual business trips to Montreal it was but natural that he and his family, including his son-in-law, Captain Wilson of the British Army, should be counted on as having warm British sympathies, many British officers, including Proctor himself it is said, visited at the Whitaker home at Lower Sandusky prior to the War of 1812. After James Whitaker's death in 1804, and for nearly thirty years thereafter, Mrs. Whitaker resided in the old home and transacted the business of a frontier trader, but her connections were more with the Americans on the Ohio River and at Pittsburg than with the British at Montreal. Many acts of kindness on her part to the foreign missionaries are recorded.

The Rev. Joseph Badger, born in Springfield, Mass., and a Revolutionary soldier who fought at Bunker Hill, was appointed a missionary in the Connecticut Western Reserve in October, 1800, and in 1801 began his work which also extended into the Sandusky Valley. In 1805, in the records left by him, we read of his swimming his horse across the Sandusky River by the side of his canoe. Associated with him was Quintus F. Atkins, whose diary is in the W. R. Historical Society. There we read that in 1806 these two men sailed up the Sandusky River to Mrs. Whitaker's, where they unloaded and had family prayers. A little later they heard Crane, the Wyandot chief, "expressing his pleasure in granting permission to work their land and to get food and hoping they would dwell together in peace." In the fall of 1809, when war rumors were afloat, Mr. Badger made an appointment for the Indians to meet him at Mrs. Whitaker's, at Lower Sandusky. His address to them was so convincing and his influence over them for four or five years had been so powerful for good, that they resolved to take no part against the Americans. This was doubtless one of the reasons together with the influence of Mrs. Whitaker, why the Wyandots under Tarhe at Lower Sandusky, kept their faith with

the Americans and did not join the other Indians in behalf of the British.

General Harrison often stopped at her house and she nursed him there through an illness of over six weeks. When the British expedition set out from Detroit under Proctor late in July, 1813, against Fort Meigs and then against Fort Stephenson at Lower Sandusky, it is only fair to presume that they counted on Mrs. Whitaker being friendly or at least neutral, as it was known that she had in her house the three children of a Captain in the British Army in the persons of the children of her daughter Nancy. The British gun-boats stopped at Whitaker's wharf three miles below the fort, where the large fine dwelling-house, store-house, factory



GOLD MEDAL AWARDED MAJOR CROGHAN BY CONGRESS.

and wharves of the Whitakers were located, but Mrs. Whitaker with her children and grandchildren on the approach of Tecumseh's horde of Indians had fled to the protection of Fort Stephenson and had been sent but a day or so before the battle, with other refugees, women and children, on toward Upper Sandusky and Delaware. She, herself, was fired on by the Indians, whose bullets riddled her cape. Her descendants, and in fact many old residents, ascribe much of Major Croghan's success to the information and advice given him by Mrs. Whitaker. She certainly had every opportunity of learning of the intention of the Indian allies of the British and this information she undoubtedly imparted to General Harrison and Major Croghan, although it

is hard to estimate the actual value of the assistance given to Croghan in the battle. Nevertheless the British were so incensed at her conduct that they stopped at the Whitaker home on their retreat down the river from Fort Stephenson and remained long enough to utterly destroy the old home, the warehouse, the factory and the wharves. Before Mrs. Whitaker fled from her riverside home, she buried a handsome silver service which had been presented to her and her husband, years before, by British officers. It was unearthed and carried off by the British. Among the evidences of the landing of British soldiers at the Whitaker homestead and also of the character of the troops engaged against Fort Stephenson is a Wellington half-penny token, coined in 1813, and presented to British troops participating in Wellington's Peninsular Campaign in Spain and Portugal, which was found within the last ten years near the Whitaker homestead and was placed in the Birchard Library Museum. After the close of General Harrison's Northwestern Campaign he appointed a commission to appraise the damage and loss sustained by American citizens by the British invasion of Ohio during the War of 1812. This commission awarded Mrs. Whitaker \$8000 as the damage and loss sustained in the destruction of her property by the British forces under General Proctor. "I have claims on the United States," says her will, probated in 1833, "to \$8000 for spoilation during the last war." Voluminous papers were prepared many years ago containing original affidavits of settlers of that period, and placed in the hands of Congressman Frank H. Hurd, who represented this Congressional District some twenty-five years ago.

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THE OHIO RIVER.

It was one of Pascal's thoughts that "rivers are highways that move on, and bear us whither we wish to go." Surely it is, that primeval and pioneer man has followed the courses of great streams because along those channels have been found the lines of least resistance. On the rivers and their banks therefore has history found its favorite haunts. Dry up the currents of the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Danube, the Tiber, the Rhine, the Seine, and the Thames, and you will have changed if not have wiped out the courses of civilization.

In the stored records of our country the rivers have played their part, picturesque and potent. The St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Connecticut, the Colorado, the Illinois, the Wabash, the Wisconsin and the Father of Waters have had their historians. Nor has the Ohio escaped the pen of the chronicler. Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, the scholarly secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin was perhaps the first to produce a volume devoted to the waters of the La Belle Riviere, as the early French navigators styled the Ohio. His brochure issued first as "Afloat on the Ohio," and reissued as "The Storied Ohio," is a delightful account of a canoe voyage on this historic waterway from Red-stone creek to Cairo, with landings at and observation upon the points of interest along the route.

Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert, secretary of the Ohio Valley Historical Society and a Life Member of the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, is the author of an extensive and elaborate work entitled "The Ohio River, a Course of Empire," recently put forth by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Mr. Hulbert had already made himself known to the reading public as the author of the unique and valuable contribution to American History, "The Historic Highways of America." Mr. Hulbert made his initial bow as the author on this subject, in which he has become the highest authority, in the pages of this QUARTERLY for January, 1900.

"The Ohio River" is a masterly and entertaining presentation of the subject comprising some 350 octavo pages, with maps and copious illustrations. Mr. Hulbert has the historic instinct and discrimination with rare powers of description. He carries the reader along through the

scenes and events touched by his theme as delightfully as the most accomplished Cicerone guides the traveler through the bewildering wealth of a museum or picture gallery. Mr. Hulbert is an enthusiast in historic lore and his fervor is contagious. History to the average person suggests little more than a series of dry dates of a funeral procession of lifeless figures and embalmed incidents. Mr. Hulbert galvanizes the past into a living present. His *Ohio River* is a continuous panorama and the reader moves from picture to picture without wearying, indeed with accelerating interest. The best test of the book is that you close it with the regret that the *finis* has been reached. It is doubtful if any other American waterway touches in its course so much of historic value and variety. It was first discovered and navigated in 1670, so far as records go, by the famous La Salle, foremost in chivalry, romance and adventure among the French explorers. It was the logical and natural highway and connecting link between the French settlements on the St. Lawrence and those on the Mississippi. Its source at the Forks of the Allegheny and Monongahela was the great gateway to the boundless west and that strategic gateway was the point of contest bitter and bloody between the Gaul and the Saxon. Its banks were the scene of the initial struggles between the two great white races. Later it was decreed by the Redmen, the aborigine, as the boundary line between the advancing pale face and the indigenous children of the forest. Again and again did the savage strive to drive back the English and the American across its majestic current. Its meandering course through the magnificent wilderness of the untrodden west suggested its name:

"The first brave English adventurers who looked with eager eyes upon the great river of the Middle West learned that its Indian name was represented by the letters *Oyo*, and it has since been known as the Ohio River. The French, who came in advance of the English, translated the Indian name, we are told, and called the Ohio *La Belle Rivière*, 'the beautiful river.' We have, however, other testimony concerning the name that cannot well be overlooked. It is that of the two experienced and well-educated Moravian missionaries, Heckewelder and Zeisberger, who came into the trans-Allegheny country long before the end of the eighteenth century. Upon such a subject as the meaning of Ohio, one might easily hold these men to be final authorities. John Heckewelder affirms that *Oyo* never could have been correctly translated 'beautiful'; Zeisberger adds that in the Onondago dialect of the Iroquois tongue there was a word *oyoneri* which meant 'beautiful' but only in the adverbial sense — something that was done 'beautifully', or, as we say, done 'well'. Mr. Heckewelder, knowing that it was commonly understood that the

French had translated *Oyo* when they gave the name of La Belle Riviere to the Ohio, took occasion to study the matter carefully. He found that in the Miami language *O'hui* or *Ohí*, as prefixes, meant 'very'; for instance, *Ohiopeck* meant 'very white'; *Ohiopeckhanne* meant 'the white foaming river.' The Ohio River [he writes], being in many places wide and deep and so gentle that for many miles, in some places, no current is perceivable, the least wind blowing up the river covers the surface with what the people of that country call 'white caps'; and I have myself witnessed that for days together, this has been the case, caused by southwesterly winds (which, by the way, are the prevailing winds in that country), so that we, navigating the canoes, durst not venture to proceed, as these white caps would have filled and sunk our canoes in an instant. Now, in such cases, when the river could not be navigated with canoes, nor even crossed with this kind of craft—when the whole surface of the water presented white foaming swells, the Indians would, as the case was at times, say, 'juh Ohiopechan, Ohio peek, Ohio peekhanne'; and when they supposed the water very deep they would say 'Kitschi, Ohiopeckhanne,' which means, 'verily this is a deep white river.'

"For one, I like the interpretation of 'Ohio' as given by those old missionaries—the 'River of Many White Caps.' True, there is a splendid, sweeping beauty in the Ohio, but throughout a large portion of its course the land lies low on either bank, and those who have feasted their eyes on the picturesque Hudson, or on the dashing beauty of the Sagueny, have been heard to call in question the judgment of the French who named the Ohio Belle Riviere. But it must be remembered that the French first saw the upper waters of the Ohio, which we now know as the glittering Allegheny. La Belle Riviere included the Ohio and the Allegheny; it was not until the English had reached the Ohio, about the middle of the eighteenth century, that it came to be said that the Allegheny and Monongahela formed the Ohio, at Pittsburgh. To one acquainted with the roaring Allegheny, dancing down through the New York and Pennsylvania hills, and who can see how clear the waters ran in the dense green of the ancient forest—to such a one it is not difficult to see why the French called it La Belle Rivier."

Mr. Hulbert then unfolds the history of the river from its earliest discovery to the present time; the more memorable voyages on its waters; the spectacular expedition of Celoron de Bienville (1749) in

which that romantic chevalier with his detachment of two hundred French officers and Canadian soldiers, sixty Iroquois and Abenake Indians in a flotilla of twenty birchbark canoes embarked from Montreal and pushing up the St. Lawrence to the waters of Lake Erie, ascended the Chautauqua creek, crossed the lake and swung into the Allegheny and finally into the Ohio. It reads like a fairy tale, this voyage down the Ohio, the ceremonious burying at the mouth of debouching rivers of leaden plates, claiming the territory for France; the ascent of the Great Miami and the return by the Maumee and the Great Lakes to Montreal.

In 1770 came the journey down the Ohio of George Washington prospecting for land pre-emptions and who "has left the clearest picture of the Ohio of pre-Revolutionary day, as the result of his trip." It was on this trip that Washington at least twice stood upon the territory now included in the boundaries of the Buckeye State.

The Fall of 1774 was memorable on the Ohio because of Dunmore's War. The Earl of Dunmore, royal governor of Virginia took up arms against the Indians of the trans-Ohio country. His army numbered three thousand, divided into two divisions of fifteen hundred each; one division under General Andrew Lewis proceeded down the Great Kanawha to its mouth (Point Pleasant) where it encountered the crafty and brilliant Shawnee leader Cornstalk at the head of fifteen hundred chosen Ohio braves. The Virginia backwoodsmen were victorious and following their defeated foe crossed the Ohio and proceeded to the site of Chillicothe where they met the division under Dunmore, which in a hundred canoes, rafts and pirogues had embarked on the upper Ohio and "landed in what is now the state of Ohio at the mouth of the Hockhocking, where a stockade was erected." Even the worthy Homer sometimes nods and at this point Mr. Hulbert, omits to our mind, one of the most interesting and noteworthy events that ever transpired on the Ohio. As the army of Dunmore returned from the interior it encamped at Fort Gower, mouth of the Hockhocking. There on November 5, 1774, was held an historic meeting of the Virginia officers. The welcome message was brought them of the patriotic action taken by the Continental Congress then in session at Philadelphia and these Virginia officers resolved "That we will bear the most faithful allegiance to his Majesty, King George, the Third, whilst His Majesty delights to reign over a brave and free people; that we will at the expense of life, and everything dear and valuable, exert ourselves in support of his crown and the dignity of the British Empire. But as the love of liberty and attachment of the real interests and just rights of America outweigh every other consideration, we resolve that we will exert every power within us for the defense of American liberty, and for the support of her just rights and privileges; not in any precipitate, riotous and tumultuous manner, but when regularly called for by the unanimous

voice of our countrymen." That was a public, formal, spontaneous declaration of American freedom announced by Virginia colonists on the banks of the Hockhocking and the Ohio in the future Buckeye State, six months before the shot was fired at Lexington that echoed around the world and more than a year and a half before the Liberty Bell, in the Quaker City, rang forth the glad tidings of national independence. Surely *The Ohio River* deserves all credit accruing from that historic fact. The Ohio bore its patriotic part in the Revolution and to that Mr. Hulbert does justice. In the summer of 1778, the period of the deepest decline of the American cause, occurred the beginning of the brilliant successful campaign of the Revolution in the West, the conquest of Illinois by that daring "Washington of the West" the intrepid Virginian youth, George Rogers Clark. He raised a motley contingent of some two hundred Virginia and Pennsylvania volunteer backwoodsmen and at Fort Pitt embarked for the lower Ohio, the Falls at Louisville, whence he invaded the Illinois country and performed that perilous and almost unparalleled feat of capturing the same and holding the Northwest to the American cause. The Revolution was followed by that most potent of all Ohio river expeditions—that is potent to Ohio State—the trip of the *Adventure Galley* or the *Mayflower*.

"The New Englanders at once began preparations to emigrate to the shore of the 'River of Many White Caps.' The vanguard of about fifty officers and workmen left for the West in the winter of 1787-88, and after a tedious journey over Forbe's Road through Pennsylvania reached the Youghioheny in the early spring. Here at what is now West Newton, Pa., boats were constructed for the river trip, the flagship of the tiny squadron being the *Adventure Galley*, afterwards called the *Mayflower* in memory of the historic ship of the Pilgrim fathers. Descending the Youghioheny, Monongahela, and the Ohio the veteran hero General Putnam, landed at Fort Harmar at the mouth of the Muskingum, April 7, 1788. On the opposite shore of the Muskingum the pioneer town in the Northwest Territory was founded by these forty-eight founders of Ohio. Fort Harmar, erected partly to prevent the Virginian and Pennsylvanian squatters from crossing the Ohio, received with equanimity the legal purchasers of the Ohio company's domain. At once a blockhouse was erected by the New Englanders and named the 'Campus Martius'; about it the little town began to grow up. In the fall preceding, Congress had elected General Arthur St. Clair governor of the territory northwest of the river Ohio. In July, 1788, he arrived, and on the fifteenth of that month the inauguration ceremony was duly celebrated. The veterans of the Revolution on the Ohio

gave the name of Marietta to the new town in honor of Mary Antoinette and France. Generals St. Clair of Pennsylvania, and Putnam of Massachusetts, Samuel Holden Parsons of Connecticut, and James M. Varnum of Rhode Island were the leaders in the work of establishing the settlement, aided by Winthrop Sargent, secretary of the Territory, and by the noble Manasseh Cutler, who was a frequent visitor and a powerful advocate in the East. Parsons, Varnum, and John Cleve Symmes, Chief Justice of New Jersey, were elected Judges of the Territory."

Over against the safe and sane settlement at Marietta, followed in 1796 the erratic and almost ridiculous settlement of the deluded Parisians at Gallipolis. That incident is the vaudeville act in the history of Ohio, it is the comedy amid many tragic surroundings. Another theatrical scene on the Ohio was the journey of the conspirator Aaron Burr from Pittsburgh to Blennerhassett Island and his inveiglement of the stupid but doubtless well-meaning Herman Blennerhassett. That was another tragico-comedy on the Ohio which Mr. Hulbert gracefully depicts. But we must refer the reader to *The Ohio River* for a proper appreciation of its extent and value. It will be read with equal interest by teacher and pupil, young and old. Mr. Hulbert has a clear, vigorous, easy-moving style. If anyone thinks history is stupid, let him read this book and learn otherwise; if one imagines the Ohio river is a commonplace "shallow babbling run" let him read this book and learn of its mighty influence in the western advance of civilization and its fascinating career through the history of American progress.

Mr. Hulbert's Ohio River is not only the most complete and satisfactory contribution to the literature of the subject which it treats but we know of no American waterway having so accomplished and accurate a chronicler.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXHIBIT.

In the early autumn of 1906 the New York Academy of Science through Dr. Wissler, Chairman of the Committee on Archaeology and Ethnology, invited the Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society to make an exhibit of the progress accomplished by the Society in archæological science in Ohio during the past year. The Executive Committee of the Society authorized Prof. W. C. Mills, Curator, to make such exhibit. Prof. Mills prepared a miniature model, on the scale of one foot to forty feet, in plaster and wood of the Harness Mound, which was exhumed by the professor in the summer of 1906. The model represented three fourths of the mound completed with the exact position of the burials and fire places. The burials represented were two kinds, cremated and uncremated. Of the latter but few were found in the mound.

there being but five uncremated in a total of 133 burials. The evidence from the explorations revealed that the process of cremation generally took place at some spot more or less distant from the grave, the charred bones and ashes being gathered up after the burning and placed in the grave. All the graves showed careful preparation and in each instance a platform of clay was arranged surrounded with logs. The platform was usually oval in shape, the center being raised above the level of the sides.

In several cases the center of the grave had been hollowed out, thus forming a basin shaped receptacle. In many instances the graves were constructed in the form of a parallelogram, being more than a foot in depth, the cremated remains having been placed in the bottom of the grave. All these various forms were developed in the model. In addition to the model of the mound two other models were prepared exhibiting typical graves and made the exact size of the original, showing the oval basin shape and the parallelogram form. Casts of the various pieces of copper, stone and bone implements were placed in the model graves duplicating the originals as found in the exhumation.

The exhibition of these models and other constructions illustrative of the advance of science was held in the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, during the holiday week and some two weeks following. The occasion was the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. During the exercises of the Association, Professor Mills read two papers relating his experience in the exploration of Ohio mounds and describing the results of his observations. The models exhibited by the professor were examined with great interest by the distinguished members of the Scientific Association. Professor Mills is now engaged in the construction of an exact miniature reproduction of the Serpent Mound. These models will be exhibited at the forthcoming Jamestown Exposition.

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